WAR TIME IN MANILA

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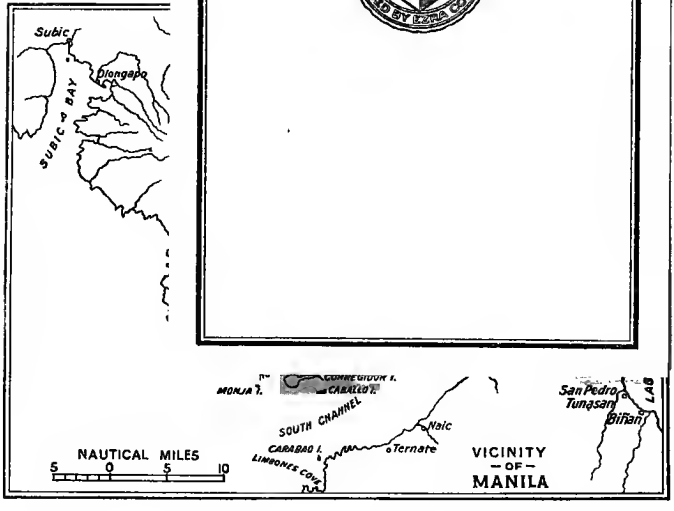

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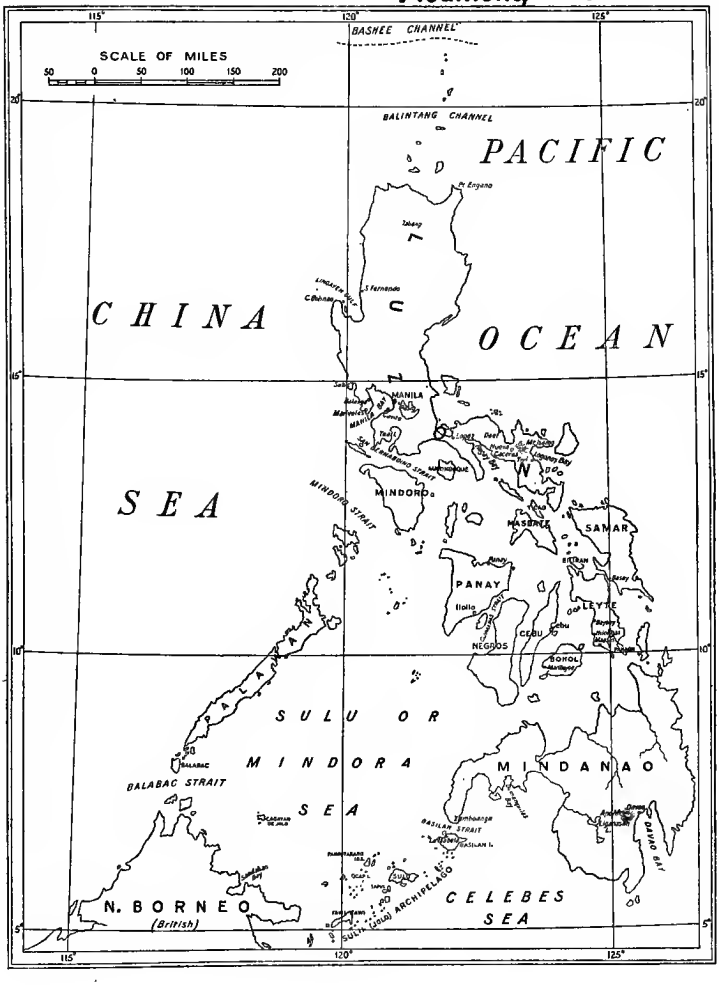

Dewey Victory 44 Years Old

Spanish Fleet Sunk May 1, 1898; Manila Captured Aug. 13

By the Associated Press

It was nearly 44 years ago that the American people were electrified by the news that the Spanish fleet had been destroyed in Manila Bay in a dawn-to-lunch battle with Dewey's cruisers.

Passing the then lightly-armed Island of Corregidor, where big guns now guard the entrance, Commodore George Dewey attacked the Spanish fleet anchored in the bay on May 1, 1898, and destroyed it to the last ship.

The surrender of Manila followed on August 13. Previously the Philippine capital had been occupied by the Spaniards in 1565, captured and sacked by the British in 1762 and returned by them to the Spaniards in 1763.

MINES DISREGARDED

Sailing from Mirs Bay near Hong Kong, Dewey disregarded the danger of mines and torpedoes to take his four little armored cruisers Olympia, Baltimore, Raleigh and Boston, the unarmored cruiser Concord, the gunboat Petrel, and the armed revenue cutter Hugh McCulloch into the bay at dawn on May 1, 1898.

Admiral Montojo of Spain had anchored his two armored cruisers, two gunboats, an old wooden steamer and two other warships in line just east of the spit on the south side of the bay that became the United States naval base of Cavite.

Dewey, parading his ships past in a line, opened fire at 5000 yards at 5:41 a.m.—"You may fire when you are ready, Gridley"—and then quit at 7:35 a.m., for breakfast.

TIME OUT FOR 'EATS'

Just before lunch he resumed the battle, but by that time two of Montojo's best warships were afire, and all Dewey had to do was sink the rest of them and silence the shore batteries.

Just seven Americans were wounded. The Spaniards lost 167 killed and 214 wounded.

Taking possession of Cavite, Dewey sent word to Washington that he could capture Manila any time, but lacked the men to hold it. He waited there most of the Summer until nearly 11,000 troops had arrived from San Francisco. Then the Americans entrenched within 1000 yards of the city on August 7.

The 13,000 Spaniards with the city were surrounded by Filipino insurgents and were unable to put up a prolonged fight when the general assault began on the morning of August 13. They raised the white flag at 11 a.m.

War time in Manila /
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THE SAN FRANCISCO NEWS
April 7, 1942

Adm. Bradley Fiske

NEW YORK, April 7.—Rear Adm. Bradley A. Fiske, who invented the torpedo plane, died last night after a long illness.

He was graduated from Annapolis in 1874. He became a rear admiral in 1911, and retired in 1916.

Admiral Fiske also invented boat-detecting apparatus, an electric communications system for warships, an electric range finder, wireless control for moving vessels, a submarine detecting system and an electro-magnetic system fr exploding torpedoes beneath ships.

COMMODORE GEORGE DEWEY, U. S. NAVY

WAR TIME IN MANILA

REAR-ADMIRAL BRADLEY A. FISKE, U. S. N.,

Navigator of the U. S S. PETREL and MONADNOCK during the time.

Author of "Electricity and Electrical Engineering," Gold Medalist of the U. S. Naval Institute and the Franklin Institute of Pennsylvania. President of the U. S. Naval Institute.

RICHARD G. BADGER
THE GORHAM PRESS
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Dewey Predicted Japs' Conquests

"I look forward some forty or fifty years and foresee a Japanese naval squadron entering this harbor, as I have just done, and demanding surrender of Manila and the Philippines, with the plan of making these islands a part of the great Pacific Japanese empire of the future."

This prediction by Admiral George Dewey was reported by John Barrett, former American Minister to Siam, who was present with Dewey upon the Olympia.

Further testimony of Dewey's predictions is given by James K. Eyre, who quotes the Manila Daily Bulletin of December 17, 1937, in attributing to the American Admiral the following: "I will not live to witness what you will see if you live your ordinary life. That will be the conquest of China by Japan, and when that is done conquest of all island possessions from north to south off the Pacific Coas of the Far East."

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under the command of Admiral Fighting Bob Evans. She was the first American battleship to be sent to the Asiatic station.

Dewey, who was well liked by Theodore Roosevelt, at that time assistant secretary of the navy, eventually was rated full admiral, in recognition of his outstanding achievement.

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With Dewey In Manila Bay

San Jose Man Recalls Battle

Veterans Observe 44th Anniversary

The following article by William J. Sheller, 575 South Fifth street, is of particular interest at the present time, not only because Friday was the 44th anniversary of Dewey's battle of Manila bay, but because another historic struggle is going on there now. Sheller was aboard the battleship Kentucky as a navigating officer during that battle of 1898 and later served under Admiral Fighting Bob Evans in Asiatic waters.

By WILLIAM J. SHELLER

Dewey day, the first Sunday in May, is a holiday, annually celebrated by members of the United Spanish War Veterans to commemorate the glorious deed of Commodore George Dewey.

While all the world feared for his safety on the dangerous task assigned him, he successfully and courageously took his ships through mine fields past Corregidor forts and into Manila bay.

Dewey had fought under the illustrious Admiral Farragut, who took the U.S.S. Hartford up Mobile bay in 1864, and when his leading ship stopped and reported torpedoes ahead, Farragut shouted: "Damn the torpedoes, go ahead!"

Dewey was evidently influenced by what Farragut would do, when on April 25, 1898, he received the following cablegram from Washington: "War has commenced between the United States and Spain. Proceed at once to the Philippine islands. Commence operations, particularly against the Spanish fleet. You must capture vessels or destroy. Use utmost endeavors."

SAILS FROM CHINA

The next day the fleet, consisting of the cruiser Olympia, 5870 tons, three smaller cruisers, two gunboats, a revenue vessel and two supply ships, left China coast for Manila.

As they were approaching the islands Dewey sent the cruisers Boston and Baltimore and the gunboat Concord ahead to reconnoiter Subig bay. When the fleet finally sighted these ships off Subig bay, they received a signal that the Spanish fleet was not there.

Turning to B. P. Lamberton, his chief of staff, Dewey said: "Now we have them." He seemed to appreciate the fact that the Spaniards would be trapped in Manila bay, while he proceeded slowly south along the west coast of Bataan peninsula.

"YOU WILL FOLLOW"

At times the engines were stopped and the fleet was drifting in the China sea waiting for nightfall before entering Manila bay.

Dewey signaled the commanders of his other ships to come on board for a conference. The council of war was brief.

"We shall enter Manila bay tonight and you will follow the motions and movements of the flagship which will lead."

Dewey knew that he could depend upon his captains and that they understood his purposes.

Night closed down as the ships got under way again. Lights were out and only a dim light was showing astern to the following ship as the American fleet passed through the broad entrance of Manila bay, on the last night of April, exchanging a few harmless shots with the batteries on Corregidor.

On the morning of May 1 1898, the Spanish fleet was sighted lying off Cavite arsenal. The forts at Manila opened fire and the Olympia fired one shot from an 8-inch gun. All shots fell short. Life boats were set adrift and wooden tables were thrown overboard. The two supply ships and the revenue vessel McCulloch were left in a safe part of the bay.

"FIRE WHEN READY"

At 5:40 a. m. while steaming at a speed of six knots, Dewey called to his captain, "You may fire when you are ready, Gridley." A general fire with his port batteries began at 4000 yards range. Turning, he then used his starboard batteries. Steaming back and forth he drew closer to the fort and Spanish ships, all the while taking soundings of the depth, as that part of the bay is quite shallow. His flagship Olympia drew 24 feet of water and when the soundings indicated 30 feet, he turned his column westward.

By this time the Spanish fleet was moving about and tried to ram the Olympia, but each ship that tried it drew the fire of all the American ships and suffered heavily. Many of them broke into flames, and so did the cruiser Boston. At 7:35 Captain Gridley reported the amount of ammunition used, and the fleet withdrew to devise a new plan of attack.

HARBOR BLOCKADED

At 10:30 a second attempt was made to destroy the arsenal and ships which remained. The Spanish Admiral Montojo ran some of his ships close inshore toward Manila ten miles away. They did not get far. Later their rusty hulks, resting on the muddy bottom marked the spot where each was sunk. Two officers and six men of the big cruiser Baltimore were slightly wounded by splinters.

Dewey now had the harbor and the Spanish fleet. He contented himself with maintaining a blockade of Manila while waiting instructions in answer to the report of his victory, which the McCulloch was carrying to the cable at Hongkong. During this period of waiting, Dewey took possession of a cattle ship which entered the harbor flying the Spanish flag. Unaware of the declaration of war the captain steamed into the harbor and was promptly notified by a launch sent alongside. The seized cargo furnished a supply of fresh beef.

GERMAN THREAT

Dewey's troubles, which appeared to be over, were really just beginning. The big German cruiser Irene, and another ship the same size, challenged the authority of Dewey, who told the German commander Vice Admiral von Diederich, that "If he wanted a fight he could have it right now."

The German commander proceeded to contact Captain Edward Chichester of an English gunboat lying in the harbor, to find out how he felt about the whole situation. In reply the English captain moved his ship between the American and German ships, and declared he would support the Americans.

Eventually five German warships were in the harbor, but this display of force did not scare Dewey, whose fleet was augmented on August 4 by the arrival of the monitor Monterey, armed with 12-inch and 10-inch guns.

It was later revealed that Germany had made an agreement with Spain to purchase the Philippines, which Spain found too costly for her to hold.

Even though Dewey had successfully defeated the Spanish forces and had taken the islands, the United States gave Spain $20,000,000 for them.

When the victorious ships Baltimore and Boston returned to Mare Island, the city of Vallejo gave the crew a rousing reception.

Later the U.S.S. Kentucky was sent from New York and became the flagship of the Asiatic fleet, under the command of Admiral Fighting Bob Evans. She was the first American battleship to be sent to the Asiatic station.

Dewey, who was well liked by Theodore Roosevelt, at that time assistant secretary of the navy, eventually was rated full admiral, in recognition of his outstanding achievement.

Then **Now**

William J. Sheller

PREFACE

This little book is made up mainly of extracts from letters to my mother, that were written on the spot, immediately after the various events narrated had occurred.

This fact explains an obvious freedom of diction and expression of opinion that I have not tried to change, thinking that the language used under the influence of the actual events would give the truest picture.

I was 44 years old at the time, and had been in the Navy 28 years.

No account, written on the spot by an officer, describing the Battle of Manila Bay and the events that immediately followed, has yet appeared, or is likely to appear. As the conditions prevailing at the time are rapidly passing away, and many have passed away already, the testimony of an actor in the drama may be of interest and possible historic value. It may even call attention to series of events that the people are rapidly forgetting, and whose importance their minds have never grasped.

Even now but few Americans realize the effect of the victory of Manila. There can be no doubt, however, not only that it was realized at once by the trained statesmen and warriors of Europe; but that before the battle occurred, each country had decided

which direction its policy should take, depending on which fleet should be the victor. Thus the Battle of Manila Bay constituted a crisis for the Republic of the United States. Our victory did for us what an overwhelming victory at the opening of a war has always done, but on a scale greater than had ever occurred in history; for never before did so numerous and wealthy a people pass so quickly from a position of isolation and unimportance to a position second to one other only, among the nations of the earth.

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WAR TIME IN MANILA

CHAPTER I

The Battle of Manila

WHEN the American fleet under Commodore Dewey left Hong Kong on April 25, 1898, and went to Mirs Bay, about fifty miles away, we did not even then feel sure that there would be war. Many of us thought that war would be averted at the last moment, and some made bets to that effect. But in the evening of April 25 the captains were called on board the flagship by signal, and we on board the Petrel felt that when the Captain returned he would bring to us definite news of war or peace. We sat on the port side of the quarter-deck and talked, for the most part on irrelevant matters, though probably every one was thinking of the news which would come in a very short time. At last we heard the call of the sentry and then the plash of oars. The Captain came over the side with his brisk step and walked quickly aft on the quarter-deck and, seeing us on the port side, thrust out his hand in which was a telegram and said, "Gentlemen, it is war."

Next morning we were ready very early to get under way, but the steamer with the American Consul

from Manila did not come until the forenoon of the 27th was well advanced, so that it was about midday when we moved from Mirs Bay in column, headed to the southward and eastward.

Probably the principal thing remembered about the trip to Manila by most of the people in the American column is the enormous quantity of woodwork flung overboard by the ships. It seemed as if the Baltimore, for instance, never could possibly have held the amount of woodwork she threw over, and yet it was a common remark among officers who went on board the Baltimore after the battle that the woodwork was hardly missed, except the fore and aft bulkheads in the ward room. In looking back on this little trip, which occupied about three days, I am struck with the fact that everybody seemed to take the matter lightly, and, except for an occasional remark, the conversation was such as is usual on shipboard; and it was not until a sudden screech and boom about midnight of the morning of May 1 that we realized that this was war.

The afternoon of April 30 was spent in skirting the west coast of Luzon Island toward the entrance of Subig Bay and in watching for the Spanish vessels. The Boston and Concord went ahead of the fleet to the opening of Subig Bay and came out reporting that no Spanish ships were there. Before dark the captains were called on board the flagship for the

last consultation. They soon returned to their ships, and the fleet, formed in column at distance, stood toward the entrance of Manila Bay, about sixty miles away.

As darkness slowly descended the scene took on a character at once soothing and disturbing; soothing, because everything was so beautiful and so calm; disturbing, because of the grim preparations evident. The guns were all ready; considerable ammunition was on deck, and the men lay or sat, or stood, by their guns. As few lamps as possible were lit, and all lights which would shine outwards were screened, except one small light over the stern of each ship. The night was clear and calm, and the hours from eight to twelve rather dragged. There was nothing to do, for all preparations had been made; there was nothing to see, except the dim outlines of a few ships and the vague outline of the coast two or three miles distant; and there was nothing to hear, except the sound of the engine and the swish of the water along the sides.

At half-past eleven, just as the fleet was about to head into Manila Bay, the McCulloch (revenue cutter) threw out a flame from her smokestack. Instantly a rocket shot into the air from Corregidor Island, showing that the flame had been seen and the fleet discovered. We realized the fact that this meant a signal to Manila; but after a short buzz of conver-

sation all went on as quietly and calmly as before. I was standing on the bridge with Hughes, the executive officer, and being somewhat tired I yawned. Hughes turned to me and said: "Bradley, that is very impolite, and besides it is a very bad sign, because yawns in the evening mean tremors in the morning." Scarcely were the words out of his mouth (at exactly a quarter-past twelve) when there came the screech and boom I have spoken of; and this cleared up the situation at once and gave everybody a definite idea of where he was and what he was trying to do. Of course the ships replied at once, firing into the darkness on the starboard side, toward the flashes, which kept repeating. The Raleigh under Captain Coghlan was the first to fire; Lieutenant Babin, I think, was the officer of the poop division and fired the first gun himself. Captain Wildes, who commanded the Boston, steered out of the column, right toward the flashes, and opened with all his battery; and I will never forget the appearance of that ship as seen from the Petrel. Her form could be only dimly outlined, except when momentarily lightened by the vicious flashes of her guns, that came in quick succession, and one could easily imagine her a war-god fighting with thunder and lightning. The attacking guns were quickly silenced, and we found afterwards that they were on the little Island El Fraile, but who the gallant Spaniards were who with

so little force attacked our fleet I for one have never heard.

At the time of this incident the fleet had just passed within the entrance to the bay, and the Captain Commander E. P. Wood and I said to each other that the Commodore evidently intended not to get up to the town and the Spanish fleet until daylight, so as not to risk an attack in an unknown harbor from torpedo boats, regular or improvised. The Captain then told me to go below and get some sleep, as there was no use of both of us being on the bridge. He refused to leave the bridge himself.

I left the bridge and walked aft. By this time the men had already quieted down again. Some of them were standing in groups about the deck, and some were lying down apparently asleep. Lieutenant Plunkett and Ensign Fermier were lying down in the rear of their divisions, seemingly slumbering peacefully, while Chief Engineer Hall, Lieutenant Hughes and Paymaster Seibels were sleeping on the poop. Everything about the deck was quiet and dark, except for the faint light that came from the stars above and from the engine room below. The guns were all ready with ammunition behind them, and even the breech-blocks of some were swung open. In spite of these warlike signs, however, the night was so beautiful, and the stars so bright, and the sea so calm, that the scene was soothing and peaceful, and con-

veyed little idea of what we expected to do in five hours.

I walked down the ward room ladder, intending to go into the ward room, but I found the water-tight door was closed. This door, of course, was shut like all the other water-tight doors in the ship as a precaution in case of striking a torpedo; and so I had to go on deck again and into the Captain's cabin, and down the Jacob's-ladder, which was kept there to be used in cases like this. I found the ward room absolutely dark and when I reflected that the ship might at any moment explode a torpedo I recognized the fact that it might be called uncanny. While such reflections were passing through my mind I was surprised and gratified by a most reassuring snore, long, deep and regular, coming from one of the rooms. I groped my way to the door of this room and listened, to identify the snorer. It did not take long for me to recognize the tone of our medical officer, and I marveled at his ability to sleep so soundly on such an occasion, and I envied him. Then I felt my way to my own room and lay down on my bunk. The deck above my head was distant about two feet, and I thought how very flat I would be squashed out against that deck if a torpedo exploded under the ship. This idea was very vivid at first, but I was tired and warm, and the idea became gradually less and less vivid, and finally became indistinct. But I can, even now, re-

member that the last thing in my mind before I went to sleep was how I would look if anybody saw me flattened out against that deck.

I was aroused from my sleep by a noise at my door and a voice saying, "The Captain wishes to see you on the bridge." "What about?" I said sleepily. "I don't know," he said, "but it is ten minutes to five, and they have begun to shoot at us." Then I aroused my dormant senses and realized the fact that I was about to go into battle for the first time.

When I reported to the Captain on the bridge, he simply smiled and said, "All right." I looked ahead in the dim morning light and saw the Olympia, Baltimore and Raleigh, and ahead of them a great number of masts, that looked very indistinct. I heard the sound of one or two very distant guns ahead and saw their smoke. "The Spanish fleet is over there," said the Captain, pointing over on our starboard side; and there could be discerned a few indistinct shapes that looked like ships. All the men were congregated about their guns, and the guns were loaded. A few were getting some coffee and crackers at the galley, and the scene about the deck was as quiet and peaceful as I had ever seen it.

I had always thought that the position of the Captain of a ship in a fight should be where he could see, and I had spent a great deal of time in trying to devise a practical observing station. But there was not

even a conning tower on the Petrel, so, before leaving Hong Kong, I had asked and received permission from the Captain to rig up a platform on the foremast, about forty-five feet up, where I could sit, with my stadimeter, above the smoke and measure the range of the enemy, and also inform the Captain of whatever important incidents or movements my clearer view might enable me to see. I had roped this platform round, so that I should not fall overboard, and had arranged that the navigator's writer Howard should be with me as assistant. I told him the day before the battle to take up to the platform two life-preservers and a rope strap; the life-preservers to be used in case the mast was shot away, and the strap to be put under the arms, so that one of us could be lowered, if hit.

Howard and I started up the rigging together, and I remember saying to myself as I was going up, "I wonder if I will come down with the same deliberation." When we had seated ourselves on the platform and I had adjusted the stadimeter for use, it was a little early for work, and so we occupied ourselves with a look at the scene. There was pretty good light now, and we could see that the masts ahead were the masts of merchant ships; and behind them we could see the white domes and towers and trees of what seemed the most beautiful city we had ever seen. A lovely sheet of water, blue and tranquil, spread upon

THE BATTLE OF MANILA

all sides; and behind us rose the great Island of Corregidor, and to the northward and westward the lofty mountains of Luzon. To the right, that is to the south, the land was lower; and there, standing out in clear relief against the bright blue sky, were the awe-inspiring forms of the ships of the Spanish fleet.

The Olympia turned to the right and headed toward them. The Baltimore followed, and then the Raleigh. I picked up the stadimeter, with no very light heart, and put it to my eye. Just then a shell, coming apparently from the direction of the city, struck the water close to the Petrel and exploded, throwing up an enormous quantity of water, which drenched us on the platform, forty-five feet above. My assistant was a man whom I had always remarked for his extraordinary imperturbability, and for some days previous to the fight I had caught myself wondering whether his imperturbability would stand the test of battle; but I was at once reassured upon this point, for as he wiped the salt water from his face he said with his customary solemnity, "That was pretty close, sir."

The American fleet turned down towards the Spanish fleet, personally directed by Dewey, and the Olympia soon opened with her eight inch. The other ships followed as they came in range, and soon an earthquake under me showed that the little Petrel was taking her turn.

As is well known, the American fleet paraded back and forth before the Spanish fleet, firing as rapidly as they could with proper aim. To me in my elevated perch the whole thing looked like a performance that had been very carefully rehearsed. The ships went slowly and regularly, seldom or never getting out of their relative positions, and only ceased firing at intervals when the smoke became too thick. For a long while I could not form an opinion as to which way fortune was going to decide. I could see that the Spanish ships were hit many times, especially the Christina and Castilla; but then it seemed to me that our ships were hit many times also, and from the way they cut away boats from the Raleigh and from other signs I concluded the Raleigh was suffering severely. I could see projectiles falling in the water on all sides of all our ships.

I was directly over one of Plunkett's guns, and saw one shot take effect; and that is the only shot of all those I saw that day which I could follow. But I happened to see that six-inch shell in the air like a black dot between me and the Castilla. Then I saw it strike almost in the middle of the target and throw out flame and smoke; and I wondered how many men it killed and maimed. About the decks of the Petrel things were entirely different from what I had expected. I had seen many pictures of battles and had expected great excitement. I did not see any

excitement whatever. The men seemed to me to be laboring under an intense strain and to be keyed up to the highest pitch; but to be quiet, and under complete self-control, and to be doing the work of handling the guns and ammunition with that mechanical precision which is the result we all hope to get from drill.

The Captain stood on the bridge beneath me, and it was extraordinary to see this man (he was one of the most nervous men I had ever seen) so absolutely composed and un-nervous. He afterwards told me that during the entire battle he had not had a single physical sensation. He was not a strong man physically, and had been on deck all night and much of the day before, and yet he went through the tremendous strain and excitement of the fight without, as he said, knowing that he had any sensations, or nerves, at all. I understood this to mean that his mind was so centered on what he had to do that he himself was only one of the things he had to manage and that he was no more interested in that thing than in the other things.

Two of the ships in the Spanish column were evidently much larger than the others, and I instinctively measured the distance from them; and the gunners in the ship and the Captain seemed naturally to direct the fire at them. I could see also that the Spaniards directed their firing principally at the Olympia and

the Baltimore, which were our largest ships, and I felt quite confident, after awhile, that the Petrel was not given so much attention as the rest of the ships. Of course I do not know whether the commanders-in-chief of the two fleets had given orders that this be done, or whether the mere prominence of the larger ships attracted the attention of the gunners. I became certain, however, in my own mind, that in any fleet action, the natural impulse of everybody will be to fire at the most prominent ships. Of course, in most cases, this would not be the best distribution of firing, and therefore the natural tendency will have to be counteracted by specific orders.

I think everybody was disappointed at the great number of shots lost. Our practice was evidently much better than that of the Spaniards, but it did not seem to me that it was at all good. There is no question in my mind that the two principal causes were the uncertainty about the true range, and the fact that each gun captain felt it was incumbent upon him to fire as fast as he could.

I measured the ranges, or distances, by means of the stadimeter, an optical instrument of my invention, first setting the instrument at a certain graduation which represented the height which I estimated to be the height of the ship we were firing at. The distance which the stadimeter then indicated, I shouted to the captain, who then ordered the gun sights to be set at

that distance. At first, our shots fell short. I then set the instrument at a graduation representing a greater height of mast, which caused the instrument to indicate a greater distance, and the shots to go farther. After a few trials, I found the correct setting for the stadimeter, and after that the shots grouped around and on the target in a satisfactory way.

As regards the guns, the captains fired too rapidly, I thought. My impression was, the day of the battle, and has been for many years, that the fault of too rapid firing is not to be blamed so much upon the gun captains themselves, as upon the people who surround them, principally the division officers. I have often felt sure that a gun captain has fired in a spirit of desperation, and just trusting to luck, when he could not get his sights properly to bear, simply because he felt that the division officer was getting impatient.

I looked to see if there were any signs of skulking, but I saw absolutely none. On the contrary, it seemed to me that people exposed themselves more than was necessary; and I noticed that when their duties called Hall and Wood on deck, they remained there longer than seemed to me to be absolutely required. In fact I was glad to see that there was a strong desire on the part of many who had stations below, to come on deck and get the feeling of being "in it." Certainly a dozen times I saw some of them come rapidly

up the ladder to the deck, as if they had important business there, and then get over somewhere on the side engaged, and watch the fight; and I could not help thinking at the time what a pity it would be if one of those men should have something shot away when he was simply obeying the impulses of a self-forgetting zeal.

Almost the first thing I remember after I got on deck was Ensign Montgomery, the signal officer, trying to read a signal, and then reporting it to the Captain. I think the signal was "Prepare for action." At this time there was a breeze, and the flags blew out fairly well; but later on the flags hung up and down like rags; and although the ships were well closed up, it was impossible to read them. The smoke did not prevent the reading of the signals, except at intervals. I noted this fact carefully.

After some time (I do not know how long) it became evident that the Spanish fleet was suffering very badly, especially the two principal ships, and I remember reporting to the Captain that one of the ships had not fired a shot in fifteen minutes, when that ship then fired a shot which came very close to us. I also remember reporting to him that the other principal ship was on fire in two places. It was not long after this that Commodore Dewey withdrew the fleet out into the bay and sent the men to breakfast. I looked at my watch at this time; my recollection is

that it said half-past seven. It seemed to me in a vague way that it was about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and I said to my assistant, "It is very unfortunate, I must have forgotten to wind my watch and it has stopped at half-past seven." I then looked at it again carefully and saw that the watch had not stopped, and I afterwards found that the watch was indicating correctly. So, although my attention had been on the alert, and time could not be said to have dragged, it seemed to me that I had been up there for hours; and I went down to the deck with a feeling of weariness and relief. The position had been rather trying. There was not enough going on in my immediate vicinity to distract my attention from personal danger. I could see the smoke of every Spanish shot fired, and I think I heard the whistle of every shell; and I was glad to get down on deck where other people were, and feel their comforting companionship. This leads me to reflect that, while history shows that naval fights are not so dangerous as army fights, yet a man fighting on board a ship is under a greater nervous tension than a man fighting on shore. A man fighting on board a ship must remain in almost one place, and perform his very precise duties, such as serving a large gun and sighting it, in the midst of terrible noises; while a man on shore can relieve his nervous tension by moving about, running or walking, and frequently firing his musket;

and his nerves are not shaken by the concussion of such tremendous guns as are on board ship.

The first thing to do after getting out into the bay, was to count the ammunition left. As I remember it, we had expended about one-third of our entire supply. After this I went into the ward-room, where the mess were gathered over a very satisfactory meal of sandwiches, coffee and beer. Some one said, "Sit down, Bradley," to which I replied that I would as soon as I washed my hands. With that one of them caught hold of me and said, "No, you won't wash your hands; no one is allowed to wash his hands; we don't go into battle every day and we are not going to wipe off any of the smoke and dirt."

After coming down from aloft my attention had been engaged in the counting of the ammunition, and yet I had a question on my tongue continually, which I felt loath to ask; it was how many in our ship had been killed. My astonishment was great when I heard that no one had been killed, and no one had been wounded. To this I answered that the Petrel's small size must have saved her, because I knew the Raleigh must have suffered severely. Then some one said that "there had not been a man killed in the whole fleet, and comparatively few had been wounded." It was a long time before I could adjust my mind to believing this, for although I could see from aloft that the American fleet had gotten the better

of the fight so far, yet I had seen so much havoc wrought on the Spanish ships, and so many of their projectiles fall near us, that I could not believe for a long while that there could be so few casualties in our ships.

Expecting that we would be very busily engaged later on in the day, I lay down on my bunk to rest and try to get a little sleep; but I had not been long there when I heard sounds of terrific explosions in the distances, and the voices of men on deck calling, "They are blowing up their ships."

The captains of our ships had been summoned on board the flagship by signal, and some time, I think about eleven o'clock, they returned to their ships. Our Captain brought back with him Captain Wildes of the Boston, for the Boston had no boats left that she could use. Our Captain told us that we were to start in at once, the Baltimore leading, to engage the shore batteries around Sangley Point as well as the Spanish ships; and that, as soon as it could be done, the Petrel would be sent in close to do whatever was necessary. To most of us it seemed that our interesting time was coming; that is, the time after we should go into the arsenal, which our light draught of water permitted us alone to do. None of our ships had as yet been struck by a torpedo, but the water near the arsenal was only from two to four fathoms deep, and we reasoned that this was exactly the place

where the Spaniards would plant torpedoes. Now torpedoes we considered the greatest danger.

In obedience to signal, the Baltimore at once got under way and steamed rapidly in toward Sangley Point. She seemed to be going at full speed; and as soon as the guns of her batteries could be used she began to fire. Her appearance as seen from my perch aloft was dramatic and picturesque in the extreme. With her great size and rapid speed, she seemed literally rushing on the foe, and when she began to strike out with those long guns, I got a realizing sense of force in motion that I had never had before. The beach seemed to be torn up with the impact of her shells and the air there to be filled with clouds of sand and the smoke and the flames of burning powder. The batteries could not stand this very long, and soon gave up the fight.

Our rôle of the interested spectator was soon ended by the expected signal to go in after the Baltimore. We engaged first a vessel which afterwards proved to be the Don Juan d'Ulloa, and we fired on her for a long time without seeming to do much damage or eliciting any reply. We afterwards found that the ship had been abandoned, and that, while our projectiles had pierced her many times, they had not really inflicted on her any great injury. One shell, however, went over to the arsenal, and went through the commandant's house (so we heard afterwards) and

passed through the dining room, where a number of people were together. The result was the immediate hauling down of the Spanish flag, and the hoisting of the white flag. As soon as this was known aboard the flagship, she hoisted the signal long expected by us, "Petrel pass inside." This signal was shortly followed by another to us to burn the Spanish ships.

During the time of the withdrawal of the American fleet the Spaniards had run their ships as close in as the depth of water permitted and abandoned them. We supposed, of course, that they had laid trains to their magazines, so that the task of burning them would be by no means a safe one. The Captain at once told the executive officer, Hughes, to go and burn them, and called for volunteers. The call for volunteers was immediately answered by a chorus of voices, the first voice being that of a seaman named Sprong, who called out instantly, "Here's one."

The Petrel had anchored near the long stone bastion of the arsenal, but from that position, we could not see the Spanish ships that Hughes went in to burn. The consequence was that soon after he started off, he was lost to sight behind the bastion. I immediately went to the pilot house, to consult the chart, and see if it was not possible to go in still further, to a place where we could get a good view of the arsenal and the party of Hughes. I soon saw that it was possible, and went out on the bridge to tell the

Captain so; but before I could suggest the matter, he said, "Don't you think we can get in closer?" I replied, "I know we can, sir, because I have just looked it up." So we picked up the anchor, and steamed to the southward, to a position where our keel just cleared the bottom.

We saw a lot of good looking tugs and launches and what seemed to be several thousand soldiers and sailors in the arsenal grounds. The Captain said he thought that he ought to get as many of those tugs and launches as he could, as they might be very useful; I replied that it would be very easy to get them. He then called for volunteers, which were very quickly got, and in a few minutes I shoved off and went alongside of the arsenal dock with half a dozen men. I never had at any time during either the Spanish or the Filipino war the slightest trouble with the men, in pushing them ahead, but always trouble in holding them back. On this occasion as I went alongside of the dock I had to reiterate my order to remain in the boat, and not load their muskets.

I got up on the stone dock and looked about me. I had scarcely done so when I saw advancing towards me a large number of Spanish officers, I should say from recollection at least twenty-five; behind them, farther up the dock, was what looked to me like a small army of soldiers drawn up in regular formation under arms and a crowd of some hundred sailors,

who did not seem to be in any formation whatever, but walking about as they pleased though armed. I advanced towards the officers and they advanced towards me, and we exchanged most punctilious salutes. We tried to talk in English and Spanish, but they could not talk English well enough and I could not talk Spanish well enough; but I managed to get along fairly well with one of the officers in French.

The Spanish officers seemed to be somewhat excited, and they asked me questions that I could not at first understand; but finally I found out that there were two principal questions; one was whether the firing from the American ships would begin again, and the other question was whether they would be permitted to go back on board their ships, which they had abandoned in such haste that they had left behind them their pocket money, and the pictures of their families, and all their clothes. In reply to their first question, I told them that the Americans had recognized their white flag and that they would not fire again at the arsenal, but would respect their white flag so long as they, the Spaniards, respected it. This statement seemed to gratify them, and they all cried out, "Americanos siempre caballeros!"* To this I replied, "Siempre." To the other question, whether they could go on board their ships and get their belongings, I replied I had not the authority to

*"Americans always gentlemen."

give them that permission, but that I had a boat there, and, if any of them wished, I would allow them to take it and go over to the Petrel, and that I was sure the Captain would give them permission. My remark seemed to strike them queerly, for they half smiled and remarked that they did not care to take advantage of my kind offer. I then said, "Very well; I will go over myself and ask the Captain and come back and tell you what he says." I did this and soon returned to the arsenal with the Captain's permission. They were awaiting my reply, and when I told them that the Captain gave his free permission on the condition that none of them would attempt to put out the fires on board their ships, they seemed much pleased and some of them said again, "Americanos siempre caballeros." Now the peculiar ending of this incident was that, although there were quite a number of small boats at hand, belonging to the arsenal, not one of these officers went to a ship or took advantage in any way of the permission they had requested and received!

My men were soon engaged in the work of clearing away the fastenings that held the tugs and launches; and for some reason that I cannot now remember this work was not easy. Seeing a number of Spanish sailors congregated about, looking on with languid interest, I told a couple of them to help. This they did without any objection, and I soon had a number of

our enemies pulling and hauling and working away like good sailors. The consequence was that in an hour or two I was going back to the Petrel with two large tugs, three steam launches, and some smaller boats.

By this time Hughes had returned to the Petrel, having with the assistance of Ensign Fermier fully carried out his dangerous work, and the rest of the fleet was well out in the bay. Then the Petrel steamed up towards it, towing our prizes. At nightfall the whole fleet started towards Manila city, lighted on our way by the brilliant flames of the ships of our conquered foes.

The events just narrated seemed at the time perfectly natural and to be expected; when the battle was over, we did not feel that we had done anything wonderful; and I do not believe that anybody in the fleet appreciated the fact that the Battle of Manila was one of the most important battles that had ever been fought in any country, or in any age, and would be recorded in history as one of the "Decisive Battles of the World."

CHAPTER II

After the Battle

SHORTLY after the Petrel anchored near Manila city with the fleet, the men went to supper, and the officers went to dinner. The talk all over the ship was mainly about the battle. All were surprised at the small loss in the American ships, and all agreed that the reason was that most of the enemy's shots went too far or else too short; because the sea between us and the Spaniards had been covered with spouts of water thrown up by their falling shell, and so had the sea beyond us; and our ships were so close behind each other that any Spanish shot that had gone to the proper distance would have been almost sure to hit some ship, even if it had gone to the right or the left of the ship aimed at. Of course we had known for years that the real reason why ships are not hit more in battle is because shots go too far, or too short; but this object lesson stamped the fact deep in our minds. It stamped the fact so deep in my mind, that now it seems almost a law of nature; and ninety per cent. of the art of naval gunnery seems to me to

be the art of merely shooting to the correct distance. This means three things: first, finding what the correct distance is; second, using the proper powder and projectiles; and, third, firing the gun, when it is elevated at the correct angle.

Hughes told us at dinner of how he had set fire to the Spanish ships. His work must have been very trying to the nerves, because every ship had a great deal of powder in it, and it was only to be expected that the Spaniards had made arrangements for blowing the ships up; so that every man felt that the next instant, he might be hurled high into the air, the members of his body torn apart, and mixed with flying masses of steel and wood and brass. Hughes said that the thing which shook his nerve the most happened when he was in the ward room of the Isla de Luzon alone. Hearing a slight muffled sound, he turned around quickly, and saw coming out of a room close to him a big, black, naked man. This man was shaking with terror, however, and almost in a state of collapse, so that he was clearly not a bogey man, but ordinary flesh and blood. Hughes recognized the fact that we had no use for prisoners of any kind, and so put him ashore at once. No sooner did the man's feet strike good, dry ground, than he sprang forward and ran away, like the frightened savage that he was.

Hughes brought with him from the Isla de Cu-

ba a pathetic object, a wounded little monkey, that one of his men had found down in the engine room. The men had heard the cries of some little animal coming from below, and following the cries, they had gone to the engine room, which they found almost full of water; and there, just showing above the water, they saw a bleeding monkey's head. On trying to rescue him, they found that he was held by a belt around the waist to a chain, and that this chain was secured to some part of the engine room. The monkey had got as far up as he could, and if the water had risen a little higher, he would have been drowned. In some way, his nose had received a violent blow that had cut through the nose bone, and it was bleeding so fast, that his thin little body was like a sponge that was being squeezed. They rescued the monkey from his danger, and brought him on board the Petrel, where the surgeon bound up his wounds and ministered to his needs most carefully; for the monkey was his only wounded patient. The men christened the monkey "Alfonso the Last," and he was always known afterwards as Alfonso.

He was different from any other monkey we had ever seen. Most monkeys are interesting, but they are so mischievous and dirty that they soon become nuisances; while Alfonso was as quiet and nice as any other pet, and as affectionate as a puppy. He came to have his own particular chums in the ship,

but divided his innermost affections between Hughes, the executive officer, and Hart, a quartermaster. He used to like to go to sleep under Hughes's blouse, in the warm afternoons on the poop, and next to this, his particular delight was to go to Hart, and have him blow tobacco smoke down his throat. A few months later, one of the sailors took Alfonso ashore in Hong Kong, and they both got very drunk at the Victoria bar. Some mate of a merchant ship took advantage of this, and stole Alfonso, and took him on board his ship; but the men of the Petrel sent a message to the proprietor of the bar that, if Alfonso was not found, the Victoria bar would be boycotted by all the sailors of the American fleet. Alfonso was brought on board next day.

The evening of May 1st was calm and beautiful; there was hardly a cloud in the sky, and the stars were bright and the water smooth. To the south, seven large red flames, rising with smoke to the sky, showed where lay the shapeless wrecks of seven ships, that fourteen hours before, had carried the flag of Spain and symbolized her glory. To the east, we saw the city of Manila, with its electric lights, and gaslights, and its vague sky line of spires and towers and domes and distant hills.

What was going on in that city? What was going on, all along its water front and on the Pasig River? Probably the Spaniards were making preparations for

an attack upon our fleet. We did not know much about Manila; but we knew that the population was not less than a quarter of a million, and that there were many water craft of all kinds, from ocean steamers down to row boats, including tugs, launches, barges and floats. We knew that there must be many thousand Spanish soldiers there, and many thousand armed Filipinos, who had been insurgents, but might now join with the Spaniards, to drive off a common foe. We did not know whether there were any regular torpedo boats about; but we said to each other that the Spaniards had long known that there would be war, and that they had had plenty of time to rig up improvised torpedo boats; and it seemed very likely to us that they would send an expedition at us that night, composed, in part, of them. Of course it would be a desperate deed; but was it not the proper time to do a desperate deed?

Our ships were ordered by Commodore Dewey, by signal, to have armed guards on deck, and to keep a very bright lookout; so, on board the Petrel, half of one watch was kept on deck armed, and plenty of ammunition was put near the guns, and all preparations were made for getting up more from the magazines. At ten o'clock, everything was ready, and everybody was tired; so, when I turned in then, it was not hard to go to sleep.

Some time later, I was roused by a frightful noise.

I started up in my bunk, and my stimulated senses soon told me that the noise was the clanging of the alarm gong that called the crew to quarters in emergency. Of course, I had not undressed completely, and it did not take me long to get on deck; but when I got there, I found most of the men already at their stations by their guns, and the gun captains standing behind the guns, with their eyes looking over the sights.

"What's the matter?" I asked of some one.

"Torpedo attack, sir," was the reply.

I relieved the officer of the deck, and stepped up on the poop. There I could get a good view of the water, and I quickly saw what looked like a torpedo boat brought out into startling distinctness by a searchlight from one of our ships. A second glance showed, however, that it was not a regular torpedo boat, but as I remember, a white launch or small tug. Her fate was evidently sealed, for nearly all the guns in the fleet were turned on her, and she was so bright an object, that the gun sights showed clearly outlined against her. But of course, we reasoned, the Spaniards had not sent one torpedo boat alone; there must be others rushing towards us from other directions; and so a dozen searchlight beams were sent darting over the harbor. We looked on all sides, but could not see any other boats; only the white light rays, and the dark water, and the dim city, and the dull

red glow cast on the sky by the burning ships; except where a searchlight brought into sudden vividness a ship, or tower, or narrow streak of water. I remember the tension of my brain, and almost see the strained attitudes of the men about the guns. Yet, when the loading of the guns had been done, there was not a sound; eevry man seemed simply waiting. The temptation to fire was tremendous; yet not a shot was fired. We saw that boat steer directly at the flagship, and then to our amazement go peacefully alongside! Some man went up the ladder to the deck. We heard afterwards (but of course the story is not true) that, when this man reached the deck, he was met by Commodore Dewey, who greeted him with the information that he was a d—— fool.

I do not now remember who the man was, or why he started at night in war to go on board a fighting ship, but I remember that his business was not important. And he may be thankful that the coolness of the men behind the guns saved him from gurgling and bleeding out his life that night, under the waters of Manila Bay.

Next morning most of us went on deck early, to look at our surroundings. The sun was already intensely hot, and shining through clear air out of a bright sky; there was no breeze and no ripple. The ships of our fleet were lying near together off the city of Manila, perhaps two miles away, and the

ships of the Spanish fleet were about seven miles to the southward, near Cavite. Three of them were sunk; and beyond them were the seven that had been set on fire. These were still burning, while a long red steamer was aground, and also burning, between the American fleet and the Spanish fleet, close to the shore, and about six miles south of Manila. This steamer had been set on fire by the Concord, and we afterwards found that she was the transport, "Isla de Mindanao."

The city of Manila looked distinctly Spanish. Of course, the most prominent object was the Cathedral, whose dome rose beautiful and high. In masses grouped about it, were many fine buildings that we could not see very plainly. This part of Manila we afterwards found was the old and walled city, the city of Manila proper. To the southward and the northward, the fine buildings gradually shaded away into smaller ones, towards small huts that were evidently in the suburbs. In the foreground, between us and the Cathedral, was a lighthouse, on the end of a river that came through the city to the bay. Along the extreme background, ran mountains that were high and far away.

Captain Lamberton, Chief of Staff, came on board early, and with him, I think, was Mr. Joseph Stickney, war correspondent. Then the Petrel picked up her anchor and steamed rapidly southwards towards

the arsenal at Cavite. Later the entire squadron followed her. The Petrel passed the sunken ships Reina Christina, Castilla and Don Juan d' Ulloa, (which had sunk somewhat to the northward of the bastion of the arsenal,) passed the bastion, and went to her anchorage of the day before in Bacoor Bay, directly in front of the landing place of the arsenal. Captain Lamberton and Mr. Stickney went ashore to the arsenal, and shortly afterwards returned. If I remember aright, we heard, when they returned, that the Spanish army officers told Captain Lamberton that the surrender of the day before had been the surrender of the navy only, and that neither the arsenal nor the army had surrendered. To this Captain Lamberton replied that he would give them until 11 o'clock for all to surrender; and that if the white flag was not hoisted on the arsenal by that time, the whole fleet would open fire on it.

Soon a white steam launch was seen coming from the arsenal. It came alongside the Petrel, and three Spanish officers came on board. They were received with the honors due their rank, which they acknowledged with dignity. Evidently they were under a heart-breaking strain; and surely it would be a cold heart that would not pity them. These were officers who had been terribly beaten in battle; their entire naval force had been wiped out, and their military force had nothing to hope for. These were officers

of a country whose battle they had lost, whose power they had failed to uphold, and whose glory had perished in their keeping. These were officers of a country that is not magnanimous and might repay their brave but futile efforts with indignity. Most of them had their wives and families in Manila. Manila had close in front of it a powerful, victorious fleet; and behind it, and in it, and all around it, tens of thousands of bitterly hostile Filipinos, partially organized and armed, waiting for revenge.

The Spanish officers went into the cabin, and shortly after came out, and got into their boat, and went ashore. Soon after, a white flag was run up at the arsenal. We understood that the Spanish naval and military people were allowed to leave the arsenal and go where they wished. It was impossible for Commodore Dewey to accept them as prisoners of war, because, if he did, he would become responsible for them; and what could he do with them?

That afternoon there were signs of great activity in the arsenal, while the Spanish were leaving. The next day they had all gone and a force of American marines was put in charge.

The arsenal is built on the end of a long neck of land, which is quite narrow, and protrudes from the main body of the island; and the principal gate of the arsenal is placed near where the narrow neck of land meets the larger piece of ground on which the ar-

senal stands. The headquarters of the marines was near this gate, and guards were stationed at the important points of the arsenal, the most important point being, of course, the main gate itself. The Petrel was anchored at her station near the dock, and the larger vessels of the fleet lay not far to the northward, in deeper water.

The next afternoon, a party went ashore at the arsenal from some of the ships, on what mission we of the Petrel did not know. We saw them ashore behind some trees, and after a while they seemed to be digging. Then they went away. Soon, some of them reappeared, and we could see that they were carrying some things which they seemed to throw into a hole; we could also see that they had their black neckerchiefs over their mouths and noses, and that they held their heads away from the things they were carrying. This was kept up for perhaps a half an hour. Then the party reappeared together and seemed to dig again. Then they disappeared again, and soon came down to the landing, and got into their boats, and went past the Petrel back to their ships. We could see that they looked very much depressed. We learned afterwards that they were a burial party. Quite a number of wounded Spaniards had been taken to the hospital in the arsenal and had died there; and when the men from our fleet buried them, they had to protect their own mouths and noses with their black

neckerchiefs.

Later that day the captain sent for me and said that he wished me to go on board the Manila that evening, stay on board all night, and try to get her off next morning. The Manila was a Spanish transport nearly twice as large as the Petrel, which had been run aground in soft mud in Bacoor Bay, about a quarter of a mile ahead of where the Petrel lay. The captain told me to pick as many men as I needed for the deck force, and told Hall to pick the engineer's force. I do not remember how many men Hall and I took; but I know our idea was rather to get trustworthy men than to get many, for we might be attacked. So about 7 o'clock that evening, after dinner, we went alongside the Manila; and I walked up the long ladder that hung down to the water, to take my first command, followed by Hall and perhaps forty men, all well armed.

I found the Manila was just beyond the outer wall of the arsenal, close to the shore, right opposite the neck of land that connected the arsenal with the mainland of the island, and near a large village; but the burnt ships were near, and when a whiff of air came from their direction, I could smell burnt wood. We searched the ship thoroughly, to see if there were any men concealed on board, or if there were any slow matches laid to blow up the magazines.

Hall sent some of his party below to start fires un-

der the boilers, and then we searched for ammunition for the various guns about the deck, which were mostly Nordenfeldts of different kinds. We found a good deal of ammunition scattered about near one of the magazines, and we put plenty of it behind the guns. The guns were in good condition and easily gotten ready.

On going to the staterooms, of which there were a number, we found basins of blood and water with sponges in them, pieces of lint stained with pus and blood, and rumpled beds with bloody mattresses, which showed that wounded men had been cared for in them. On the main deck, were about thirty cows. These cows did not have the peaceful air that most cows have, but were very much excited, and kept running about, so that we had to imprison them in the forward part of the deck.

By the time we had gotten the ammunition up and the guns ready it was nearly dark; so Hall and I had our mattresses spread out in the chart-room, which was on the upper deck under the bridge, because we would get the most air there. I had my mattress put on the table and Hall had his put on the deck.

Before turning in, I went on the bridge and took a look around. It was dark now and absolutely quiet, except for the continuous barking of dogs on shore, and the frequent reports of the muskets. I have never known why there was so much firing that night.

From the bridge I tried to see where the firing came from, but I could only make out that some came from the arsenal, but that most of it seemed to come from the village. I could occasionally see the flashes, and sometimes I heard the whistle of a bullet.

The village was on our starboard side, and the smouldering flames of the Spanish ships were on our port side. Directly ahead, there was nothing but darkness. The searchlights of our ship did not light up the water ahead of us, but I could discern a number of boats moving about there, and I wondered if some Spaniards were in them, getting ready to board us and have revenge. To the northward—that is, astern —I thought I could see the form of the Petrel. Beyond her were our other ships, but I could not see them. The main thing that attracted my attention and held it was the mosquitoes; they were not only numerous but aggressive; and I saw one sentry whom I had put on the bridge striking at them with his musket.

After making a tour of the dark and silent ship, and cautioning the sentries, I went to the chart-room and turned in on the table. The mosquitoes bothered me a great deal, and so did the occasional reports of muskets and the memory of the boats; but I was tired and soon fell into a sleep.

How long I slept I do not know, but I was awakened by an intermittent jerky sound, that was low in

tone but very loud. I got up and went out on the deck, and saw the quartermaster and corporal of the guard there, and asked them what was the matter. One of them said:

"It's the steam whistle, sir."

I said, "Why don't you stop it?" and he replied that they did not know what was the matter with it.

Just then Hall cried out:

"Here it is; some one has made fast an awning stop to the steam whistle."

We found this was the case: in securing the awning that evening, somebody had tied an awning stop to the line that pulled the whistle. It made no trouble then; but afterwards steam formed, and rose in the steam pipe to the valve that was controlled by the line to which the awning stop was made fast. Later, a little breeze sprang up and flapped the awning, so that the awning stop pulled at the whistle line irregularly. The result was a most extraordinary gasping and coughing by the steam whistle. We heard afterwards that this alarmed the Petrel, and that she was about to send a relief party to our rescue when the noise ceased.

I turned in again, but scarcely had I gotten asleep when I was roused by what sounded like a charge of cavalry. On investigation I found the cows had broken loose, and it took all hands to get them back where they belonged. Again I turned in and went

to sleep, but only to be awakened by a voice calling me softly. I did not pay much attention at first; but the call was repeated, until I finally roused myself and looked up, and saw the corporal of the guard, holding a dim lantern in his hand.

"Sir, the men have broken into the wine locker," he whispered.

Now this was important, so I got up and put on my shoes and went down the ladder to the main deck, and then groped down a long, wide, old wooden ladder that went into the hold.

"Right ahead of you, sir," said the corporal; so I went ahead, and finally found a door which I could see by the light of the corporal's lantern behind. Going through this door, I found myself in a large compartment in which there were a great many barrels; and I could see a man, with his back to me, stooping over. He heard me coming, and, speaking over his shoulder, said:

"Ah, birdie, you on to the game?"

I answered that I was not and asked him what the game was. He recognized my voice and said:

"Oh, excuse me, Mr. Fiske, for speaking to you in that way, sir. I didn't know it was you, sir; but us men in the engineer department got thirsty, and we heard there was some good water here in casks, sir, and so I came here to get some. But it looks to me as if it wasn't water, sir, but wine."

The man's presence of mind filled me with admiration, and so I told him merely to pour out his wine on the deck and go back to his work. I then had the corporal get an axe, and break in the head of the barrel. And I saw thirty-three gallons of the delicious wine of Spain flow all over the dirty deck and trickle down into the bilge, and I smelt its delightful fragrance.

I ascended to the bridge and watched the boats moving about in the dim light, and then went back to bed again; but I had not slept very long when daylight came. By this time, the men were about the deck drinking their coffee and making their slender breakfast. Hall reported that he had steam on the engine and would like to turn the engine over. We went on the forecastle then, to see how the anchor gear looked. We found it in good condition, and got the anchor up without difficulty. Why the Spaniards had taken the trouble to anchor the ship I do not know; for she was hard and fast aground.

When looking about the deck we had seen a long trough under a tank on the starboard side, and a pipe above the tank, and while we were looking at the trough, we had noticed that the cows were even more restless than usual, and tried to get to the trough. After getting the anchor, it suddenly occurred to us that perhaps the cows were thirsty, and that it was this trough from which they used to drink. So we investi-

gated, and found that the pipe led to the tank from a pump; and then I sent a couple of men to pump water. At the sight of the water the cows got completely beyond our control and rushed to the water, the strong ones shoving the weaker aside. I never before got such a clear idea of what a torture thirst must be. The cows that saw the water, and could not reach it, seemed to be in agony; those that drank seemed to feel that bliss which only those who have been suddenly freed from awful pain can understand.

Hall said that the ship was so deep in the mud, that the injection valve, where the water came in for the condenser, was covered with mud, and that the circulating pump was not independent, but connected to the main engine; so that he could not pump water through the condenser, except by turning the main engine. He then suggested that, by backing and going ahead alternately, he could pump in mud and water through the injection valve, and thus make a kind of a trough immediately outside the injection valve, so that afterwards clear water could come in, which the circulating pump would force through the condenser. This would clean out the mud, and the condenser would then be ready for work. This was done for quite a while, until Hall finally reported that clean water was coming out the outboard delivery valve, showing that the condenser had been washed out.

It must have been about seven o'clock, when Hall

reported that everything was ready with the engines. I shoved the engine telegraph to full speed astern, and, to my delight, the ship began to move, slowly at first, then faster and faster. The Petrel's chief quartermaster, Ecklund, was at the wheel; and as soon as the ship got out of the mud, I found she steered beautifully going astern. We gathered headway rapidly; and by the time that we had passed the quarter of a mile which separated us from the Petrel, we were going through the water at a fine rate. Thinking what a pretty sight this prize would make, as seen from the Petrel, I steered as close to her as I could, until I got just abreast of her stern; and then starboarded the helm, and rounded to astern of her, and then went ahead with port helm headed for the Boston, about a half mile away. Five minutes later, we anchored close to the Boston; Captain Wildes took the Manila under his charge, and we all went back to the Petrel.

After the Petrel had been in her anchorage near the arsenal a few days, things settled down to a dull monotony. After the battle, and the few days of excitement that followed it, there was almost nothing to do. The weather was extremely hot, and officers and men soon began to feel its enervating effects. On the Sunday following the battle, Hall and I got up a little energy and landed at Canacao Point to walk through the native village, and see what was to be

seen. We found that many of the natives and half whites had returned, and their huts were well filled with people. The huts were of the simplest kind, being made almost entirely of wood, many of them raised, on a sort of stilts, a few feet above the ground. One may imagine our surprise at seeing in one of these huts a fine piano, in another a mahogany bedstead, and in another some expensive chairs; but the mystery was soon explained, when we saw a couple of natives coming from the direction of the arsenal, lugging a handsome desk that they had stolen.

We had walked about two miles when we reached the arsenal; and then we walked through the arsenal buildings, and saw in the offices signs of a most elaborate system of administration. Evidently a very great many clerks had been employed—more clerks it seemed to us than the size of the arsenal and the number of ships in the Spanish fleet made necessary. We afterwards heard that many Spanish families sent their sons to Manila to get government positions, and that many positions were created simply to give government positions to them. The consequence was an enormous amount of accounting and recording and bookkeeping and correspondence; lots of papers and files and forms—useless work done by useless men.

On the afternoon of the twelfth, a small Spanish gunboat came steaming up the bay, directly towards the American fleet. The surprise of the people in the

fleet was great; this little vessel seemed so confident and friendly. Finally, one of our ships fired a shot across her bow; this did not seem to make any difference to her, for she kept on just the same. Then another shot was fired, and this made her suddenly stop. Then we saw an officer go alongside from the flagship. We found out that evening that this vessel was the Spanish gunboat Callao, and that she had been cruising in the southern part of the Philippines for a long time, and had not heard about the war; and the time of her cruise being finished, she was now returning to Manila. The officers and men had been looking forward to this for a long time, because in Manila they were to find their wives, children, parents, friends, theatres, clubs, hotels, newspapers and all the things that make sailors look forward with happiness to getting home. They saw a great many ships in the harbor flying the American flag, but this did not give them any uneasiness; and when the first gun was fired by the American ship, they did not notice that the shot came across the bow of their own ship, and thought it was simply the first gun of some salute. But when the second shot was fired, and they heard the whizzing of the shell, they knew something was wrong. And when the American officer came on board and told them that every ship in their fleet was destroyed, and that they themselves were prisoners of war, their feelings of joyful hope went through a

change that, let us hope, few of us will ever know.

That evening, some time between eight and ten o'clock, we of the Petrel were sitting on the poop in the hot, damp air, when suddenly there rang out the crack of a rifle at the arsenal, then another, then another. This was the preconcerted signal of alarm, meaning that the little garrison needed help. I asked the captain to let me see what the matter was; and in a few minutes I was going alongside of the arsenal dock with about a dozen men. I got up on the dock, and after assuring myself that the muskets were not loaded (for I did not wish to be shot in the back) I told the men to come up. I then started up through the grounds of the arsenal, followed by the men in double line. I did not know my way through the grounds then, and the night was perfectly dark, and the trees and buildings looked grim. As we marched along, not knowing exactly which way to turn, I felt for the first time what I have read about often in books, "the joy of danger." There was not much danger, and I knew it, but there was a little danger; and the sensation of being in just a little danger, stimulated by the weirdness of the scene and the tramp of the men behind me, and the whispering of the trees and the occasional crack of a rifle, stirred my nerves delightfully, and made me feel that I was very brave.

In five minutes, however, we were at the arsenal gate; and when I asked the marine officer in com-

mand what was the matter, he said that that was what he we trying to find out. He said he did not think that anything was wrong really; but that somebody had fired a musket, and that had started others firing. As for himself, he had seen no cause for alarm; but he realized the fact that his sentries must be under considerable tension, for there were only a few of them, and it would be a simple matter for a Spanish force to break through the gate and kill all hands. I agreed with him, and said I would stay there awhile and see if anything happened. While I was waiting, the marine officer (I think it was Lieutenant Williams) told me that he had the captain and officers of the Callao there, and asked if I would like to meet them. Then he had them brought in, and he introduced me to them.

I think there were only four altogether. The captain told me where they had been in the remote islands of the Philippines, and why they had not heard about the war, and he said it was a very sad way to come back to Manila. I liked him very much, for he was evidently a fine fellow and kept up his courage splendidly. The other officers seemed very much depressed; one of them seemed to be in the first stages of prostration, and I was told later that he had been weeping most of the afternoon.

The officers of the Callao were allowed in a day or two to go to Manila, and we heard afterwards a

great number of different stories as to what happened to them. The story which was the most generally believed for a long time was, that when the captain got to Manila he was put under arrest by the Governor-General, and was court-martialed and sentenced to death, because he had not saved his honor and the honor of Spain by firing a gun; although the captain's statement to the Governor-General and the court that he had not even known there was war, and had no means of finding it out, would have excused him in the minds of most people. We heard afterwards that he had been shot, and we heard this contradicted later, and then repeated. What we got to believe finally was, that the captain had been sentenced to death, but that he never had been executed.

The idea of firing a shot "to save honor," we can see, is very much like the idea that led Spain into the war. Spain knew that she was inferior in force to the United States, and that, if she tried to save Cuba for herself, by fighting the United States, she would have to do the fighting for Cuba very much nearer the United States than to Spain; so that she would be under a great disadvantage. Yet she seemed to think it necessary to fight for her "honor," even though she was sure to be whipped. In the same way the Spanish fleet fought the American fleet in Manila. Their fighting the American fleet at Manila was very brave, but it reminds me of a remark made many

years ago by a present Chief of Bureau; we were speaking about conning towers, and he said that a captain who would not go into the conning tower in a battle would be very brave, but he would be a d—— fool. Now what did the Spaniards accomplish by attempting with their fleet alone to fight us a decisive battle? The first thing they accomplished was the destruction of the Spanish fleet, a result which they themselves knew would surely happen, as letters found in their staterooms showed. This carried with it an enormous loss of prestige all over the world, which meant a great deal in the courts of European nations which had not up to that time decided whether to help Spain or not, but which now decided not to help Spain, because to help Spain would be to put themselves on the losing side. And the destruction of the Spanish fleet brought back Aguinaldo, the leader of the Filipinos, who surrounded Manila with his army and cut off the supply of food and water. Had the Spanish admiral been less brave in the Don Quixote sense, he would have withdrawn his ships from Manila Bay and disappeared, and made our fleet seek them. Our fleet could not have sought them very long among the thousands of straits of the islands of the Philippines, because they would not have had enough coal; and even if they could have gotten more and more coal, whenever they wanted it, they would have been at a great disadvantage, because the

Spanish vessels drew less water than ours, their officers knew the places better, and the charts were wrong. Our vessels would simply have bumped on the bottom, one after another, and we had no place to go to for repairs; and had the Spanish done what small boys do, when a policeman chases them—scattered—we should have been almost helpless against them.

But suppose our fleet had not attempted to chase them, but had satisfied itself with anchoring in Manila Bay. We could, of course, have taken the arsenal without any trouble, but what could we have done with it, especially if the Spaniards had blown up the machinery? We might have shelled Manila, but what good would that have done? The loss that we could have inflicted upon the city, in knocking down houses and churches, might have been considerable, but the military effect would have been trivial, and our stay in Manila Bay would not have been so easy a matter as it afterwards was, if the Spaniards had withdrawn, but kept their fleet in being, threatening us and our communications. It was brave for the Spanish fleet to fight ours unsupported, and bravery is thought by those who do not know to be the first requirement of a naval or military officer; but it was brave for Don Quixote to fight the windmill, and bravery without sense is a dangerous thing to have.

But what the Spaniards ought to have done was to

fight their fleet close in front of the city, in such a way that the guns of the fleet would have been supported by the guns of the city, which were ten times more powerful than the guns of Cavite. Many of the guns at Manila were modern, and they included four modern 9.2 inch breech-loading rifles, of great range, which were more powerful than any guns in either fleet. The Spanish Admiral, Montojo, says in his report, "I refused to have our ships near the city of Manila, because, far from defending it, they would provoke the enemy to bombard the plaza, which doubtless would have been demolished, on account of its few defenses." In other words, he deliberately fought his fleet unsupported against a greater fleet, when he could have fought it supported. In other words, he and the Captain-General did exactly what their forefathers did when they fought Napoleon: they divided their force into two parts, and let the enemy whip each one in turn!

We can easily believe that the people of Manila, especially the ecclesiastics and the rich people, did not wish to have the city shelled; and we can easily imagine the disorder that might have prevailed in the city, if it had been shelled, especially when we bear in mind that most of the people were Filipinos, held in check by force. But the number of soldiers needed to work the guns, especially the few large guns, would not have been many, and this would have

left nearly the whole force of thirteen thousand soldiers to preserve order. It might have needed a strong man to stand up against the clamor of the people, and put the fleet in front of the city, and endure the consequences. But try to imagine Napoleon as Captain-General of Manila, and try to imagine him dividing his force into two parts and letting each get whipped in turn, from fear that a few non-military buildings would be hit by shell!

Now what would have happened if the Spanish had put their fleet close in front of the city, as we expected they would do? The conditions for accurate firing would have been almost perfect on the solid, quiet and comparatively protected positions of the shore guns; very different from the conditions at the moving and wholly unprotected positions of the ship guns, where the men were huddled together in masses, amid the panic-striking dangers of shells and burning to death and drowning. One hit from one of those 9.2 inch guns would have done irreparable injury to any American ship, because no American ship was armored and we had no means of making repairs. Almost any such hit would have sunk the Petrel or disabled any of the other ships.

We should have had to fight under very much worse conditions than those we did fight under, and therefore we should have had to fight a much longer time to destroy the Spanish ships. In other words,

we should have had to fight a much longer time; and during every instant of that much longer time, we should have been exposed to a much greater volume of fire. We would have received tremendous injuries. If the Spaniards had then done as they should have done, and blown up the machinery in the arsenal, where would we have gone, to repair our injuries? San Francisco was 7,000 miles away; and there was no nearer place to which we could go, to repair our injuries, and get ready again for war.

NOTE:—Since writing the words above, fifteen years have gone by. My present opinion is, and has been for several years, that, if the Spaniards had placed their fleet where it would have been supported by Manila's guns, they would have sunk every American ship. Dewey could not have retreated fast enough to save them, after the injuries had once begun to arrive; and even if he could (and would), whither would he have gone?

CHAPTER III

We Meet the Filipino

THE weather in Manila Bay was intensely hot, and yet damp and sultry, and after the first few days of excitement, its effects began to be felt. There were not many severe cases of prostration, but there were many mild ones. There was little really to do, and yet we were under great tension. Commodore Dewey had cut the Manila end of the cable that connected Manila with Hong Kong, and the Spanish Government had made the telegraph company seal up the telegraph instruments at the Hong Kong end; so we could get no telegraphic news of the world. Later, however, some of our friends in Hong Kong sent down to us by steamer copies of cablegrams which had been recently received. The time dragged very drearily. With the exception of occasional short expeditions, the ships swung idly around their anchors.

The Petrel remained at her station close in at the arsenal, and Commodore Dewey ordered Captain Wood to take charge of the arsenal as commandant, and get it ready to make such repairs as the ships re-

quired. The captain put Hall in charge of the Steam Engineering department, which, under the circumstances, was the most important one; and Hall, with characteristic energy, engaged Filipino workmen, and put them to work. He cleaned out the shops, organized the workmen, put the machinery in order, and soon began to make repairs for the ships.

A few weeks after the battle, the flagship sent word that the McCulloch was going to Hong Kong, to be away about ten days; and that if anybody wished to send for stores, he might do so. The Petrel's officers got permission for the wardroom steward to go. We had had him about six months, and he had gone through the battle, working in the powder division, and had shown great coolness and efficiency. Nearly every officer and man needed something, and gave the steward the money in silver to get it. So, when the steward left the ship, he had about two thousand Mexican dollars, which was enough in China to let him retire for life, and live in ease and Chinese luxury. When the McCulloch came back, we looked eagerly for our steward, and sent a boat to get him. But our boat came back with the news that the steward had deserted at Hong Kong, taking all our money with him; that he had married a number two wife, and that this wife had persuaded him not to return to the war, but to stay and live in China with her. Imagine our surprise

next day, when we found that the steward had bought everything, and had sent it back to us by the McCulloch; even the change to the last cent! I think this was the most wonderful instance of honesty I have ever heard of, even in China, where people are honest. The reason that the steward sent back the money and the things, was simply that he was honest. It was not because he was afraid of punishment for stealing, for the offence he had committed in deserting from a warship in war times is punishable with death; and if he were afterwards caught he could not be punished for stealing with imprisonment, if he were punished for deserting, with death.

About three miles from the Petrel, on the other side of a point of land, was a magazine in which was a great deal of Spanish ammunition of different kinds. Fearing that the Spaniards might get hold of this ammunition, I was sent to destroy it. On account of the intense heat in the midday, I started at early daylight, about half-past four, every mornig, and went by boat to the magazine; and we worked about two hours, destroying ammunition. A number of Filipinos would always come about and help my men every morning, and they would ask me questions. I noted that they were not excitable; but yet intense. I did not talk Spanish well, and I could not understand all they said, but the main question was, "When were we going to fire our big guns at Manila?" I

can give no idea of the self-possessed fierceness with which they seemed to look for the destruction of Manila. They wanted the fleet to go in front of Manila, now, and shoot, and knock down the buildings and churches, and kill the Spaniards. Most of the time they seemed good natured and lazy, but when they talked about the Spaniards, their eyes glistened. To my surprise, they seemed to hate the priests as much as they hated the soldiers, and the Archbishop more than any one else.

I made several trips of this kind, and got to know the Filipinos pretty well, who lived about the place, and I used to take great pleasure in talking with them, and studying them, while my men worked. I found them, of course, different from any other people I had ever met, and intensely interesting for that reason. I remember distinctly that I was much struck with the fact that they were not excitable, and voluble, and gesticulatory, like the Spaniards, but were, as a rule, very calm and quiet in speech and manner, like the Chinese. Yet they were different from the Chinese; for the Chinese are cold and unresponsive, whereas these Filipinos were very companionable, and had an evident sense of humor. It took no keen judge of human nature, however, to see that they had an enormous capacity for anger.

We of the Petrel met many Filipinos at this time, both on board the ship and in Cavite; and we dis-

cussed their characteristics, as we professional travellers always do those of any new nation we may meet. I do not think it took us very long to understand the principal features of the Filipino character, especially since the Encyclopedia Brittanica gave us such clear information about them. What interested us most was the statement on page 324 of Vol. XV, that the Tagals and other principal tribes of the Philippine Islands form one of the chief divisions of the Malay race, that among them "the distinctly Malay physical type decidedly predominates;" and that "In their temperament, no less than their features, the Malays still betray their Asiatic origin. They are described as of a taciturn, undemonstrative disposition, little given to outward manifestations of joy or sorrow, yet extremely courteous towards each other, and as a rule kind to their women, children and domestic animals. Slow and deliberate in speech, neither elated by good nor depressed by bad fortune, normally impassive and indolent, they are, nevertheless capable of the greatest excesses, when their passions are aroused; under the influence of religious excitement, losses at gambling, jealousy, or other domestic troubles, they are often seized by the so-called 'amok' fever, when they will rush wildly through the crowded streets, armed with their sharp krises, cutting down all who cross their path, with incredible fury, and without the least discrimination."

Of course, these characteristics of the Malay are in part those of all savages; the indolence and docility at most times, the ungoverned anger, when anger is once aroused. Perhaps in no other one thing is civilization better shown than in the control of anger. To the civilized man, anger is the passion that it is the most necessary to control; and so much a habit does the control of anger become, that it is rarely that a civilized man abandons himself wholly to it. But a savage, especially a Malay, knows but a narrow middle ground between calmness and a frenzy that a civilized man cannot imagine. A Malay will run amuck, and will kill his dearest friend; or his dearest friend will kill him.

Looking towards the future, it seemed to us that the Filipino would not be hard to work with; it seemed as if it would merely be necessary to treat him fairly and with certain concessions to his known peculiarities; to avoid hurting his pride, perhaps to flatter him a little, and, above all, to guard against giving him cause to believe that he was injured. We knew that the Spanish friars understood the credulous and tractable Filipino, and handled him very skilfully; so skilfully that, in spite of the real injuries they did him, and the hatred which every intelligent Filipino had for them in his heart, they nevertheless maintained a great influence over him.

On May 19th, a small, quiet man arrived in the

Nanshan, and landed at Cavite. We had heard of him before, but we did not attach much importance to him. He had been an insurgent leader; and about a year before, he had been persuaded to leave the Philippines by the Spanish authorities, and given a large sum of money, on the condition that he should not return. As we understood the matter, the Spanish Government had also bound itself to make certain changes in their dealings with the Filipinos, such as curbing the priests and giving the Filipinos civil offices. This man had been living in Hong Kong; and when he heard the result of the Battle of Manila, he got permission from Commodore Dewey to go to Cavite. It seems he declared that the Spanish authorities had not carried out their part of the agreement, and that he was therefore free to return to the Philippines. His name was Aguinaldo.

Aguinaldo established himself in a large house near the drill ground outside the arsenal, near the Spanish fort San Felipe. We did not pay much attention to him at first, although some of us met him; but we soon saw that many natives were coming to him. Some thousand rifles, which he had bought, came for him from Amoy; and a little barefooted army seemed to grow up out of the ground. In two weeks, they were drilling and exercising in marching and handling arms, and seemed in good discipline of a simple kind. Certainly there was no lack of intentness shown by

them in their work. Aguinaldo was called General Aguinaldo, and had a strange influence over the people. He was twenty-nine years old.

We used to go ashore in the warm afternoons and loiter about the arsenal and the parade ground, and watch his soldiers drilling. I remember one very energetic little Lieutenant, who was always bustling about the arsenal, with a red stripe down his trouser leg, and an enormous sword dangling at his heels; he was mostly concerned for several days with getting up a lot of rifle cartridges that the Spaniards had thrown over the sea-wall. The growth of this little army going on right under our eyes was very interesting, especially because they seemed determined really to fight. They said they were organizing solely against the Spaniards; to prevent the Spaniards from ever getting back to power, in case the United States did not take the Islands for itself. They declared they would never let the Spaniards get back to power. We thought it an exceedingly good plan to help them; because, although Dewey could take Manila whenever he wished, as things were then, yet things might change, especially if any European powers should intervene; or if, from any cause, the Governor General should gather confidence. In any such case, this army of barefooted but determined natives, familiar with the country and accustomed to its climate, might become a powerful aid. Besides, the

very fact of its existence as a fighting organization would encourage the Filipinos in Manila, and discourage the Spaniards, and tend to keep the Governor General in his present frame of mind; and it would furthermore decrease the chances of Spain's ultimate success, and thus lend an additional reason to any European power why it should not intervene. Everything seemed to us to depend on keeping things as they then were, until the American troops should come. Then we would land the American troops in Manila, and they would take the city in charge, without noise, or bloodshed, or fuss of any kind; and the Filipino soldiers would be rewarded, in whatever way the circumstancess would show to be the best.

Not long after, Aguinaldo's secretary came on board, and took dinner with us in the wardroom. He was a man in the early twenties, and, I think, partly Filipino and partly Spanish; I do not remember his name, but it was a Spanish name. He was the first educated Filipino that we had met, and we found him, in spite of his Spanish blood, to be quite different from the Spaniards. The Spaniards whom we met had always seemed excitable and talkative, and to have a great idea of being dramatic in the use of words and gestures; but this man was, in these ways, more like my Filipino friends at the magazine; I mean he was quiet in his manner, and not talkative, and gave one the impression of a man who had some

dangerous work ahead which he was determined to carry out. He took very little wine, but he smoked cigarettes after dinner, and we found him a very interesting and pleasant companion. We asked him many questions about Aguinaldo's intentions and hopes, and he replied clearly and definitely. He said that Aguinaldo had at that time so many thousand men, so many rifles, and so many rounds of ammunition; and that next week they expected to leave Cavite, and march along the neck of land that connected Cavite to the mainland of the island. Then they would march to the eastward along the beach of Bacoor Bay, which is the southern part of Manila Bay, follow the line of the beach up to Cavite Viejo, and then north to the town of Bacoor. From there, they would march north to Paranaque, and from there north to Manila, and then attack Manila. He said they expected to have to begin to fight as soon as they reached the junction of the narrow neck of land with the mainland of the island, because a number of naval and military Spaniards were there, who had left the arsenal May 1st to go to Manila, but had never dared to go there. He said those people were afraid to go to Manila because they had surrendered their ships and the arsenal. He said that Aguinaldo would have to fight all the way around to Manila, but that he would be stronger after every fight, because there were many Filipinos in the forces opposed to

him, who did not want to be there, but were compelled to be there by the Spaniards; and that, as soon as the fighting had begun in any battle, the Filipinos would go around to Aguinaldo's side.

At the time specified by this young man, Aguinaldo did march out of Cavite, and did march across the neck of land, and did meet the Spanish force, and did defeat them; and many Filipinos in the Spanish forces did desert and go to Aguinaldo. Aguinaldo's force had little difficulty, after the first fight, in going along the south side of Bacoor Bay, until they got to Cavite Viejo; but there they could make no impression. Then they opened fire on it with artillery, shooting across Bacoor Bay from the Arsenal to Cavite, the principal target being the large church in Cavite Viejo, where the Spanish force had barricaded itself. The Spanish force had supplied itself with plenty of ammunition, water and provisions; and, as the walls were very thick, they could have repelled the assaults of infantry for a long time. But the heavy masonry was of little avail against artillery, and after some time, I think only a few days, the Spaniards were forced to quit the church and fall back to the northward towards Manila.

Aguinaldo's army now had increased considerably, and was very active. Almost any time, night or day, we could hear the reports of muskets, coming from the direction of Bacoor, which is perhaps three miles

north of Cavite Viejo; and I remember one afternoon we could see signs of a fight going on near the stone bridge leading northward from Cavite Viejo. But there was a great deal of foliage in the way, and we could not see the fight very plainly.

One afternoon we saw a determined fight going on near Bacoor and it kept us interested for hours. Bacoor was perhaps two miles to the southeast of us, and there were some large buildings down near the water. Looking through telescopes, we saw soldiers moving in groups, sometimes forward, sometimes backward, near the buildings. At one time we saw two forces facing each other and then a third force suddenly rush down on the flank, and then one force run to the south. It was hard to distinguish the Filipino and Spanish forces from each other, because their uniforms were very much alike, being of a light color with straw hats. Sometimes we could see one force charge and another fall back. Suddenly, firing would cease for awhile, and then suddenly break out again. Sometimes, we could not see any soldiers at all; and then suddenly a lot would spring out of the underbrush, and advance or retreat. In a general way, we knew that the troops that advanced towards the north must be Filipinos, and we were glad to see, as the afternoon wore along, that they were gradually getting the best of it. We saw that the fighting was not done much in the open plain, but on ground covered with

trees, and that the soldiers did a great deal of firing lying down, and then jumping up and charging or running back. At one time we saw a few soldiers run behind a building near the water, and crouch. Then we saw a large number of soldiers rush on them. For a minute we heard violent discharges of musketry; then a sudden stop. Then we saw the large force march away leisurely. We did not see the first soldiers afterwards.

After this, the northward progress of the Filipinos towards Manila became slower. Up to this time, the things that Aguinaldo's secretary had said that Aguinaldo would do at certain times, he had done at those times; but now he seemed to be meeting with greater resistance. We could not see any more battles from the ship, because they went on farther back from the beach; but we heard the rattle of musketry every day, and when the wind blew from the east, we smelt the odor of putrefying flesh. Most of the men who were wounded out there, died there. There was a hospital, however, in the arsenal, an old Spanish hospital, and into this some of the wounded men were brought.

The surgeons of the American ships, especially Brownell of the Petrel, went ashore to this hospital, and assisted the Filipino surgeons in operating upon the wounded. The Filipino surgeons had very little skill and had inferior surgical instruments; and I re-

member that the whole fleet contributed bandages and antiseptic dressings, and that many of us went ashore to the hospital and took little things in the way of delicacies, port wine, etc., for the convalescents. One afternoon when I went there, the whole hospital seemed full. There was one handsome young Spanish officer whom we all took a fancy to; perhaps on account of his good looks, and because he had to lose his arm.

One afternoon Brownell operated on a Spanish captain. Of course, Brownell did it out of the kindness of his heart, mixed with professional zeal; and it was a poor reward for him when the captain, coming out of the influence of the anæsthetic, yelled "Carrajo Americanos," and cursed him and all Americans in Spanish. But after the captain had become fully conscious, he was as good a fellow as anybody; and when he was convalescing, afterwards, he and the surgeon became great friends.

The hospital was painful to see, with its mixed collection of Spanish and Filipino and Malay men, some wounded to the death, and its white walls, and its closeness, and its heat. We got to know a few of the men a little, and to follow their cases, some of them to the grave.

One afternoon a young American officer came in and walked into one of the wards. He was an all-round athlete, who had made a great reputation at

Annapolis, and he had gone through the battle with exceptional coolness. But now he saw a spurt of blood, and toppled over on the floor in a second in a flat faint. The doctors told us such a thing was not at all unusual, even in very strong men.

In the early part of May, the Petrel received orders to go down near Corregidor Island, to destroy some batteries near there, and a cable station from which a cable ran to Manila. The day chanced to be very foggy; and when the Petrel got near Corregidor Island, a man-of-war was dimly seen coming in towards us, and not far away. We did not know what man-of-war this could be, but we knew it could not be American; and although we thought we had destroyed all the Spanish ships, we were not sure. The electrical alarm was sprung instantly; and in five seconds, the scene of quietness about the deck was changed into one of intense activity. The men sprang to their stations, and the officer of the powder division rushed to the cabin for the magazine keys, and distributed them to his subordinates; and they rushed to open the magazines and shell-rooms and fixed ammunition rooms. Ammunition hoisting tackles were got into place with startling quickness, and before we got up to this warship, which was rapidly getting nearer, the guns were loaded, the men were at their stations, and the gun captains were standing with lock-strings in their

hands, ready to fire. The chief quartermaster kept his glass on the obscure form of the approaching ship, and then, just as our preparations were completed, he touched his cap to Commander Wood, and said:

"It's only a Jap, sir."

In a minute more the Japanese ship passed us very close at full speed. Her marines were drawn up in line on the quarter deck, and her sailors were drawn up forward. Our men were also drawn up in line along our side, facing the Jap; and as the two ships passed, the bugles sounded "Attention," and American and Japan saluted each other.

We spent that day going in and out of several little bays and nooks on the northern shore of Corregidor Island and the southern shore of the mainland, just north of Corregidor Island, trying to find hidden guns and the ends of cables. Hughes was in charge of the parties on shore, and the Captain and I stayed on board the Petrel, trying to keep her in as close to the shore as possible without striking. I do not remember very clearly what happened that day; but I have a vague picture in my mind of Hughes and about fifty men working with some kind of rough derrick and tackle, and then the breech of a cannon rising slowly higher and higher, and then the whole gun suddenly pitching forward and going down, and a large mass of water rising where the gun fell. I can remember, in a dim way, that we went into a small

bay just south of that place, on the northern part of Corregidor Island, and that we saw there a small garrison of Spanish troops. My impression is that the Raleigh and Baltimore had already received their surrender, and that the men were under parole.

That night the Baltimore and Petrel anchored in Mariveles Bay. We went in about dusk, and found ourselves in a beautiful land-locked harbor with green trees down to the water's edge and steep mountains behind them. There was just enough obscurity to make the place suggest all sorts of dangers, and I remember that the officers and men of the Petrel seemed to be very watchful that night.

The next afternoon, we examined more of the locality near there and then steamed back to Manila. As we neared the flagship the Chief-Quartermaster reported to the Captain:

"Sir, Commodore Dewey has got up a Rear Admiral's flag."

We found on anchoring, that the McCulloch had come from Hong Kong with a telegram from Washington, informing Commodore Dewey that he was already made Rear Admiral. I cannot say that this news surprised us exactly, but what it did do was to make us realize for the first time that Dewey had done something very important. We had been thinking so intently on what was immediately near us, and about our friends at home, and the way in which

they would take the news, that we had not thought much about what the public would think. But now we said to ourselves that the people at home must be excited; and we began to wonder what the newspapers were saying.

By the early part of June, we were all very tired of our hot and monotonous life, and wondering when the war would end. Our principal interest was in the success of the Filipino insurgents, whose progress we were watching. The number of their prisoners at the arsenal was now very great, and their hospital was full. We visited the prisoners sometimes, and they seemed to be as well cared for as could be expected, considering the slender resources of their captors. About this time we heard, on three different occasions, that the Governor-General had sent emissaries to Aguinaldo, offering him inducements to join the Spaniards against the Americans. On the first two occasions, we heard that Aguinaldo simply declined their proposals; on the third occasion we heard that he sent back word that the next emissary who came with any such message would be shot. I do not know if those stories were true, but we believed them at the time.

There was one man of Aguinaldo's force, Major somebody, I cannot remember his name, who went to and fro at night in a boat between the arsenal and Manila. The sentries on the deck of the Petrel had

orders to hail every boat that passed; and if the third hail was not properly answered, to fire. This major had permission to go back and forth past our ship, and he did so frequently. I remember we used to have a good deal of talk as to how it could be that he could go into Manila from Cavite and back; and we thought he must be a very brave man, because he must be a spy in one place or the other, and if he were caught, he would be tortured and killed.

We of the Petrel came into close touch with the insurgents during these weeks, both at the arsenal and in Bacoor Bay. In going back and forth, Filipinos would always rise in their boats and cheer the Petrel and call out "Americanos amigos." We liked them; they seemed to be brave, and we found they had gratitude and humor.

I remember Brownell's extracting a bullet from a Filipino's back. The Filipino lay on his face, while Brownell probed and cut, and did the other things that surgeons like to do. It must have hurt tremendously; but the Filipino endured it stoically, though he had no anaesthetic. I remember that he was exceedingly grateful, and that we would see him coming on board the Petrel from time to time afterwards, with a cane or some other little present, waiting for a chance to give it to Brownell.

But the more we knew the Filipino the more we got to know what hatred is. I do not believe that

any Anglo-Saxon, or any really civilized man, who has not seen men like these, knows what hatred can be. Their hatred of the Spaniards was the accumulation of the hatred of their forefathers for generations, added to their own. And while each man's hatred seemed to be directed against the Spaniards in general, it was principally directed against the soldiers and the priests, and was based on some wrong to his own personal family, and to the families of his friends and relatives. His hatred of the priests concentrated in his hatred of the Archbishop; and it seemed that in all the whole world there could not be another man so hated as the Archbishop of Manila.

I may say here, that I was in the Philippines altogether for nearly two years; and that although I did not have means of extended observation, being on board ship most of the time, and not meeting any Spanish soldiers or priests, yet I met many Filipinos, as well as travelers and business men of other nations, and they all seemed to believe that this hatred was justified. Their belief was that the military and ecclesiastic forces combined against the Filipinos, although they hated each other, realizing that each could pluck the Filipino much better with the assistance of the other. They said that the island was divided into military districts and ecclesiastic districts; the military, which was practically one with the civil power, taxed every Filipino on the simple plan of

getting out of him every cent they could; and the priests got out of every Filipino for the church every cent they could. The priests relied upon the military for physical protection against the wrath of the Filipino; and the military relied on the priests as spies. The priests were intimate with all the families; so it was almost impossible for a Filipino to be a "traitor" without it getting to the ears of some priest, who would tell it to the military. This was a great power, and carried with it the power of "squeezing." If, for instance, a priest wanted anything, or person, in a Filipino family, all he had to do was to say that he would report the family as "traitors" if he did not get it.

During the latter part of June, we began to look for the troops that were coming. By this time, we felt sure that Aguinaldo would not be able to take Manila alone, although he could surround it and prevent supplies from coming in. We were glad of this, for though we did not know whether or not the United States would wish to keep Manila for itself, we wanted to take it ourselves and let the Army hold it until the United States decided.

A large mail came for us about this time, and brought letters and papers, showing that the enthusiasm for Dewey was growing. The papers had columns of news and editorials about him, and about everything connected with his fleet. The officers and

men of the ships got personal letters from friends, and from people whom they had scarcely known, and, in many cases, of whom they had never heard. In my own case, I can only say that I was astonished at the contents of some of the letters I got from men whom I knew to be very cool and of a quiet temperament, but who now expressed themselves in the most extravagant way. We could not comprehend it at all. The whole matter had seemed to us so simple, that there had been little chance for enthusiasm.

But I had one curious, fanciful feeling—a feeling that we and the nation were not acting wholly by our own force, but were pulled and pushed by some outside Force; and I think my feelings were shared by many of the officers. Some were not exactly religious men; and the idea that Providence concerns itself directly with the doings of any person, or any group of persons, or any nation, was not generally held. But when we found ourselves the victors in a fight different from any other fight in history, and actors in a war into which the whole nation had not wished to go, but had gone; when we saw shell fall all around us, and yet not hit us; and when we found ourselves praised as heroes for doing something which we could not avoid doing, we had a strange feeling that we had been moved, not only without our will, but without any comprehension of the matter, by some awful Force. I, for one, could not but think

I was like a Whitehead torpedo, that seems to direct itself, but is really directed by a brain outside.

The steamer that brought the papers brought me a letter from the Century Company, asking me to write an article on the "Battle of Manila." I could not do this without permission from the Admiral, and so I got a boat and went on board the flagship Olympia next morning. I told the orderly at the cabin door to give my name to the Admiral. The orderly went into the cabin, and in a moment returned and said:

"The Admiral says he is very busy now, sir, but will Lieutenant Fiske be kind enough to wait a few minutes?"

In about five minutes the Admiral's bell rang; the orderly went into the cabin, and at once came out and said:

"The Admiral says will Lieutenant Fiske be kind enough to step in."

I went into the cabin, and saw seated at a desk at the farther end of the cabin, facing me, the man who was the most prominent in the world at that time. He was dressed in white, and had, of course, no collar on; yet, as he rose to greet me, there was that suggestion of elegance that has always hung about Dewey. He said:

"Good morning, Mr. Fiske; I am very glad to see you again; sit down on this chair," motioning to a chair by his desk; and I noticed that he did not sit

down until I did.

I told him that I had come to ask his permission to write an article for the Century Magazine at the request of the Century Company; and he replied that he would be very glad to have me do it, but that I must be sure to give proper credit to the little Petrel, for she had done splendidly in the fight.

I said:

"When I have written the paper, Admiral, shall I send you the paper to read, to see if there is anything objectionable in it?"

He said:

"Of course, I should be very glad to read it; but just look at what I have to read now."

He then turned around, and pointed to three large baskets, such as are used ordinarily as waste paper baskets.

"Now those baskets," he said, "are full of letters to me. I have already read several dozen; and see what I have ahead of me yet; and every mail brings in more. I can't possibly answer them, and neither can my staff, because we could not do anything else if we did; and I don't know when I shall ever have time to read them. But it does my heart good to read them, because they say such kind things about me and about the navy. Some of them are from men I went to school with, when I was a boy."

Just then the orderly came in and said, "Captain

Glass, sir." Captain Glass, who commanded the Charleston, which had recently arrived, came in; and he and the Admiral began to talk about the probability of Admiral Camara's coming with his fleet to Manila, and the chance we should have of whipping them. The talk was purely of a practical kind, and did not show any desire to fight, or any desire not to fight, but was about the best way to fight. Being only a lieutenant, I did not join in the conversation much, and took the first opportunity to leave. When I was going, the Admiral rose, and bade me goodbye in his courteous and unaffected way.

Two days later, on going back to the Petrel, from a visit to the Baltimore, I saw a signal go up from the Olympia to the fleet, with the telegraph flag flying. This signal was quickly answered by the other ships, and hauled down, and then another one was sent up. Then many signals went up and were answered very quickly. They seemed to say something that was very interesting; for I saw many men gathered on the decks of the ships watching the signals, and moving about quickly.

When I got on board the Petrel, the officer of the deck said to me:

"Bradley, Sampson has sunk all the Spanish ships and made a clean job of it, just the way we did here; but there was one man killed, and that is where we got ahead of him."

Things were beginning to move. We had heard a few days before about Hobson, and now we heard about Sampson.

CHAPTER IV

Arrival of the American Troops

BY this time, Aguinaldo's army had practically surrounded Manila, and had captured the water works, so that the city was dependent on the provisions already in it, and on rain water. The Spanish part of the population naturally were the most fearful of what might happen, for every Spaniard knew that every Filipino in the city, as well as outside, was his enemy; and the city held thousands of Filipinos. In fact, the Filipinos and half whites far outnumbered the Spanish.

Besides the Spanish, half whites and Filipinos, there were many people in the city of neutral nations, who held most of the wealth; and they were in daily terror of bombardment or insurrection, and the danger to their lives and property that would follow. Most of the women and children of these nations went on board of merchant ships in the harbor, under the protection of their respective men-of-war. But their life must have been pitiful, huddled together, as they were, drearily dragging each long day through.

On the 30th of June, the first detachment of soldiers came, and now, for the first time, our victory seemed to mean something substantial. Up to this time, we had merely sunk some ships, and received letters and papers from home, showing the most extraordinary enthusiasm, and calling us pleasant names; but these things seemed almost unreal, like fancies of the mind. But here had come material proof that something important had been done; here had come thousands of troops from home. We felt that now a new order of things was to begin, and that seventy million people were backing us. We knew that more troops were to come, and more and more, until we should take Manila.

The troops that arrived on the 30th of June were under Brigadier-General Anderson. They were carried in barges to the arsenal at Cavite. The enthusiasm of the troops was amazing to us heat-worn men in the Petrel. As they would pass our ship they would spring to their feet and yell:

"Three cheers for the little Petrel."

At first our men, with the permission of the Captain, would respond, but the cheer was not very hearty, and soon our men ceased to reply at all. The troops were housed in the barracks at the arsenal that had been occupied by the Spanish troops. They drilled and got into shape again, for they had had a long cruise across the Pacific. But they were very

warm in their thick blue flannel shirts.

The afternoon after the American troops landed at Cavite, Hall and I and some others of the Petrel got into conversation with an Army Lieutenant, a very handsome man whose name I cannot recall; and in the course of our talk he spoke of the Filipinos as "niggers." I cannot tell how unpleasantly this word sounded to us, especially because the accent of the voice and the context showed that it was used as a term of dislike. After an embarrassed pause, one of us said—

"You know we fellows in the Navy here have become very friendly with the Filipinos, and we like them very much. We've seen a good deal of them, too, and seen them fight, and seen them wounded and dead in the hospitals. They're really an entirely different kind of people from niggers; and besides, they're fighting on our side, and we think we ought to treat them well":—and then we all went on to tell him what we knew about the Filipinos.

The Army Lieutenant seemed much astonished at our ideas, and although he listened to what we had to say, it was plain that we did not make much impression on him. So we changed the subject, and in a few minutes we parted; quite cordially, but with that vague feeling of hostility, that a strong difference of opinion usually carries with it.

This incident made a painful impression on us,

and was the subject of conversation that night at dinner; and we said to each other that this Army Lieutenant probably represented the ideas of his companions, and that if the troops were coming to Manila with such false prejudices against the Filipino, not only would great injustice be done, but the Malay blood of the Filipino would be aroused, and then we should have a worse foe than the Spaniard.

The army was coming, at last, and our weary time of waiting was drawing to a close. It was a very weary waiting. There was almost nothing to do, and it was so hot and moist, that one did not want to do anything; and almost our only occupation and pleasure was in sitting on the poop, and talking about what was going on and arguing. We were delighted that Hobson had done such a brilliant thing, because Americans had been thought for years in Europe to be a lot of trading, bragging Yankees, whose life work was merely an indecent scramble for money. And now our whole nation was glorified by a deed of splendid heroism, that followed Dewey's clean-cut victory, and was followed now by Sampson's. Dewey's treatment of Manila had aroused the admiration of the world, and we sprang to our rightful place among the nations.

About the wisdom of sinking the Merrimac in Santiago Channel, we had long and eager discussions; but, to most of us, it seemed a wise thing to do. It

would have been better if Sampson could have persuaded the Spanish fleet to come out and fight; but they would not come out and fight. So the Spanish fleet was simply keeping our fleet there. The hurricane season was coming, and a hurricane might disperse our fleet, and the Spanish fleet might then escape before our fleet could get together again.

Our principal reason for wishing to destroy the Spanish fleet was to prevent it from doing us harm. The plainest way was to destroy it; but this was not the only way. If, for instance, we could imprison it in a harbor by means such that our fleet would be free to go, it would become like a soldier who is made prisoner of war.

A fleet of warships is a tremendous power if it is free to move, but it is helpless, if imprisoned. It must be not only free to move but it must move often enough to keep in health by exercise. A fleet moving on the sea, with its battle ships and armored cruisers, ready to give and take the heavy blows; and with its smaller cruisers and dispatch vessels stretched out on all sides, to get news of distant things; with its signal system, giving intelligence to the flagship, and carrying orders from the flagship, is a thing of enormous power. But it is also a thing of enormous complexity, and its enormous power may be reduced by the failure to work of some little part; so its many parts must be kept in health and exercised. Its food,

ammunition and coal must be properly supplied, and assimilated; its strength to give blows and endure blows must be preserved; and its means of communicating to and from the flagship must be developed to the highest pitch. If these things be done, a fleet moving on the sea, directable as a unit by the Admiral, is the best example in the world of force that can be quickly applied at a given point.

About this time, I was told by the Captain to go with Surgeon Brownell to Cavite Viejo, and go back in the country, and see if water could be found for the troops, in case they marched along that way. Brownell and I got into our steam launch, and took in tow a long native canoe. We towed the canoe towards Cavite Viejo, perhaps three miles, until the water began to shoal; and then we got into the canoe, and paddled to the beach, leaving the steam launch in deep water.

We looked at the town with a great deal of interest, because we had watched the firing there for many days, and it rose imposingly behind the trees. The town had a very picturesque appearance, as seen through a telescope on board the Petrel, and we expected to find a handsome city. We found a large village composed almost entirely of huts of the simplest kind. It was divided by rude, unpaved streets, and evidently held only a few thousand people. Some hundreds of them gathered on the beach as we land-

ed. Almost all were armed with bolos, which are about half way between a carving knife and a meat axe, while a few were in the uniform of the Filipino army, and had muskets, and wore big straw hats turned down in front and turned up behind.

Quite near the water was the church that we had been looking at for two months. We walked to it, and found that it was just as fine as it looked from a distance. It had very thick walls, very solidly built and an extension, a very large handsome stone house, which, we were afterwards told, was the house in which the priests of the church lived. The interior of the church was fine, and looked like that of any large church in a Spanish country; and the contrast between this stately and magnificent structure, and the meanness of the huts about, and the evident excessive poverty of the people, made us think that perhaps the stories of oppression of the Filipinos by the priests were true.

The church and house had recently been used by the Spaniards in their defence against Aguinaldo; and it had been used in insurrections previously as a defence by the Filipinos against the Spaniards. The consequence was that its walls, especially its doors, showed signs of many bullets. I remember that we saw some signs of recent battle, that were horrible.

We saw in the church a large tablet to Aguinaldo's uncle; and we found later that Aguinaldo had

been born in this village.

The Surgeon and I, directed by different Filipinos at different times, walked back into the country some two or three miles but did not find any clean water except at one spring; and the Surgeon said he would fear to have the troops drink even from it. While walking about, we were all the time surrounded by hundreds of the natives and half whites. Most of them looked at us neutrally, but it did not take much imagination to fancy that some of them looked at us hostilely. We had seen a great deal of *vino* in the village, and we know that *vino* makes a man more violent than any other liquor does. We knew also that the Filipinos have Malay blood, and that a Malay believes that if he takes an oath before a priest to kill a Christian, and then kills him, he will be transported at once to Paradise; and many Christians have been killed in this way. So I, at least, was glad when I found myself in the steam launch, and starting back to the protection of the Petrel.

I reported to the Captain that we had not found sufficient signs of good water for the Army, and suggested that perhaps the best one to tell us about good water was Aguinaldo. I also said that I did not think I would recommend any more such expeditions.

The troops that arrived on June 30th were about twenty-five hundred in number. They established

themselves in the Cavite arsenal and went to drilling. The rainy season had begun about the middle of June, and was now in full swing.

It was excessively uncomfortable on board ship, but we in the Petrel preferred the rain to the blazing weather we had had before, because it made the air a little cooler and drove away the mosquitoes, and brought more breeze; but it was not very gay at the best. We swung around our anchor day after day, and watched the rain, and walked up and down the deck in our bare feet. We had about eighty rubber blankets on the ship, and we served them out to as many men, for them to sleep on on deck, because there was not breathing space enough for all to sleep below in such a heat. There was always half of one watch on duty at night under arms, besides several sentries; they were nearly always wet.

Things seemed about as uncomfortable as they could be, but we had only to imagine how much worse it would be for the Army when they landed on shore, to become quite contented with out lot. Our launches and tugs patrolled the bay at night, and we kept a bright lookout. At intervals there would come the report that the Spaniards were to make a desperate attack that night. We never exactly believed these reports, but we always prepared ourselves, and night after night we strained our eyes, and sent the searchlights all over the bay. When we

turned in we noted carefully where each garment lay, so that we might get on deck quickly. We kept our papers and affairs in such condition that there would be no trouble if we should be killed. But the attack never came, and none of us were killed.

On the 17th of July the second detachment of troops came under command of Brigadier General Greene. By this time the Filipinos had fought their way to a position within range of Fort San Antonio, which was at the southern end of the defences of Manila. From this fort a line of Spanish trenches ran to the east about one thousand yards to a sort of little wooden fort, where troops could rally, called block-house number fourteen. From this block-house the Spanish trenches ran northeast to block-house number thirteen, then north, and so completely around the city of Manila, until they reached the bay. Two days after his arrival, General Greene began to land his force in open boats near the Filipino entrenchments and within range of the artillery of the Spaniards in Fort San Antonio. It took him three days to land his force, which consisted of about four thousand men.

The transports that brought his command were first moved to a position beyond the range of the Spanish artillery; and from these transports his men were taken ashore in large "cascos," barges which held about two hundred men each. A casco would go

alongside a transport, and about two companies would get into it with ammunition, equipments and provisions; then a naval launch, or a tug taken from the Spaniards, would tow it to the eastward toward the beach. It was a dispiriting thing to see one of those brown-colored cascos filled with men clothed in dark brown trousers, blue shirts and brown hats, the brims of the hats pulled down, being towed very slowly towards the beach under a dark gray sky and over a miserable choppy sea, the rain pouring down on them incessantly. We could see the cascos start towards the bench, and then we lost sight of them in the gloom.

My brother-in-law, Captain Harper, was on the staff of General Greene and I loaned him a pair of rubber boots; he told me afterwards that he was considered an aristocrat because he had rubber boots. He told me that the cascos were towed ashore as nearly at high tide as possible, and that the men would jump into the water as soon as the cascos touched bottom, and would run ashore and establish a kind of rough camp, and return afterwards, when the tide had fallen, to get their provisions and equipments out of the cascos. In three days General Greene got all his people ashore and established Camp Dewey. It rained almost all the time. The ground was very soft and became a thick black mud. The soldiers had tents to cover them overhead, and they made a kind

of floor for each tent from the limbs of trees; so that, although they were wet all the time, they did not sleep absolutely in the mud. Harper told me they worked with enthusiasm and good humor, in spite of the heat and the thick clothes and the rain.

General Anderson's brigade was moved across the bay to Cavite soon afterwards, and this made the force on shore about six thousand men.

We heard a few days afterwards that General Anderson had written a letter to Aguinaldo, in which he complained that Aguinaldo had hindered the landing of the American cascos, and that the letter was far from diplomatic in its tone. This news had a very depressing effect on us, because it seemed to show that the friction we feared had already begun between the American and the Filipino troops, and that it had begun between their leaders; and, apart from the question of the wisdom of writing such a letter, we felt quite sure that Aguinaldo had not hindered the landing of the American cascos, because Aguinaldo's interests were best served by helping them to land. Aguinaldo knew that he could not accomplish any real success, either for himself or the Filipinos, without American aid; and it would have been the act of a much more foolish man than the astute Aguinaldo, to hinder the landing of the cascos.

On July 30th the third detachment arrived under

Brigadier General MacArthur. They were quickly landed on the east side of the bay and formed along to the right of General Greene, General Anderson taking charge of the brigades of Generals Greene and MacArthur as Division Commander. The force on shore was now about ten thousand Americans, besides the Filipinos, whose numbers were uncertain.

We of the Petrel did not understand these maneuvers at all. They looked to us like manufacturing glory. We had known since the second of May that the Governor General would rather surrender Manila than have it bombarded, and that Dewey had declined to receive its surrender, merely because he did not have men enough to land in it, to protect life and property. Now here were the men, more than enough. Why did they not demand the surrender of the city, and then simply go up the Pasig river and land? This is what was done, in the end, by an Oregon regiment, as will be related further on.

The people in the fleet did not have very much to do except to speculate on what was happening and what was going to happen. Our news from the outside world was extremely meagre and came only in letters and newspapers that were always more than a month old, and in copies of telegrams received from Hong Kong which some friends of ours would send down by mail. Most of our mail that came from the United States came in the steamers that

had been chartered by the army to bring the soldiers; and our mail from Hong Kong came by the Zafiro, or by some foreign man-of-war. We did not see much of what was going on in the bay or go anywhere because the rain was falling most of the time, and the wind was blowing, and the water was very rough. Almost the only thing that we could see from deck was the gray sky, the gray water, the rain, the dim and distant buildings of Manila, the near buildings of the arsenal, and the low line of ground to the east, where the army was landing. Occasionally, we could see a casco filled with wet soldiers, packed like cigars, being towed towards their landing place.

CHAPTER V

A Critical Time

ABOUT the middle of July it seemed to some of us that matters were becoming critical, and that Admiral Dewey was getting into a difficult position; and I heard several prophecies that he would lose his reputation where he made it—in Manila Bay.

We seemed to have trouble with three different peoples, the Spaniards, the Filipinos and the Germans.

Regarding the Spaniards, we had taken Manila Bay, and could have the city if Dewey wished, but he did not have enough men to land and take charge of the city. We did not know what the Spaniards in Manila were going to do, but we knew what they ought to do,—that is, attack our fleet at night with torpedo boats, regular or improvised. Then we had information that Admiral Camara's fleet was coming from Spain. The accounts that came about this fleet were very vague; but we knew that there was one battleship in it, the Pelayo, which was more powerful than any ship we had, and we knew that

the result of a battle between our ships, which had no armor, and that battleship assisted by the other ships of the Spanish fleet, would be extremely doubtful. We knew that the battle would not be like the battle of the First of May. The Charleston had arrived about the First of July, and she had a good battery, but no armor. We were expecting the monitor Monterey, but we did not know whether the Monterey or the Pelayo would get to Manila the first; and even if the Monterey got there first, the result of a fight between her and the Pelayo would be very doubtful. We in the Petrel had many arguments about the result of such a fight. The advocates of the monitor system insisted on the difficulty of hitting the low monitor; and the advocates of the battleship system insisted that, unless the fight took place in very smooth water, the quick rolling of the monitor would prevent her from hitting anything except the sea. Admiral Dewey was expecting news of the Pelayo from one day to another, but he could not make any definite plans about meeting her, until he knew about the Monterey.

Regarding the Filipinos, the difficulties with them arose from the fact that, though the Admiral had managed so that the Filipinos fought for him and fought splendidly, he had given them a good deal of ammunition, and so had put it in the power of enemies to say, in case the Filipinos became hostile,

that he had given them the weapons with which to fight the Americans. Up to the time that the army arrived, the Filipinos, under his skillful management, had fought with enthusiasm and said "Americanos amigos." They had fought their way all around Manila Bay by the time the army got before, had cut off the water supply from the city by taking the waterworks, so that the people in Manila were dependent on rain water, and had also cut off all supplies of food. And they had made a line of entrenchments only a thousand yards south of Fort San Antonio, the southernmost defense of Manila. Admiral Dewey wished to take Manila without bloodshed, without hardship to the women and children, and with as little derangement as possible of the machinery of living there; and it was necessary to the fulfillment of his plans that the Filipinos should be kept in good humor.

But there began to be trouble with them in two ways. The first trouble was that they began to show an exaggerated idea inculcated by Aguinaldo of the way in which they should be rewarded. For instance, on the 24th of May Aguinaldo, while at Cavite, published a proclamation which, while published ostensibly for the purpose of ordering proper treatment of prisoners, as exacted by Dewey, gave the Filipinos the impression, certainly intentional, that the Americans were fighting simply to liberate

the Filipinos from the Spaniards. He also made two other proclamations on that day. One proclamation justified his return to the Philippines, giving the reason that the Spaniards had not fulfilled their agreement made with him, when he consented to go away; and the other proclamation contained three decrees, in which he spoke of the "dictatorial government," meaning his own. On June 18th, he issued another proclamation in which he spoke of his government as working for the independence of the Filipinos, and on June 23d he issued another proclamation entitled "A message from the President of the Philippine Revolution." All of these proclamations were signed with his name only. We were all aware of these proclamations. We knew that the United States had not yet decided whether or not it wanted the Philippine Islands, but we also knew that it would be foolish to raise any question about it with the Filipinos at this time, because it would discourage them. If the United States wanted the Philippines, it had the right to take them, and afterwards to give such rewards as it found just to Aguinaldo and the Filipinos. But while it would have been foolish to discourage the Filipinos just then, it would have been equally foolish to say —or to suppose—that the United States was in duty bound to give Manila to the Filipinos, or rather to the dominant tribe, the Tagals. The United States

had spent a great deal of money, and had risked a great many lives and ships in taking Manila, and had exactly the same right to Manila that every government in the world has to its territory.

We recognized the fact that the Filipinos had done good work and should be adequately rewarded; but the Americans had done very much more than the Filipinos, in bringing about the state of affairs that then existed. For hundreds of years, the Filipinos had been fighting the Spaniards, but had made little headway; and in 1896, only two years before, the Filipino insurrection had utterly collapsed. Their success in 1898, great as it was, was made possible only by our previous destruction of the Spanish fleet; and yet the poor Filipinos seemed really to think that the United States ought to give them everything which it had expended so much money, and risked so many lives and ships to get.

The difficulty of handling the Filipinos became greater when the American army came. The army was brought into contact with the Filipinos more closely than we were and never having travelled did not know how to deal with them, and began to call them "niggers," and to treat them as "niggers"; so that friction between them and the Filipinos was quickly brought about, and the friction increased as the size of the American camp increased. A very critical stage was reached when it became desirable

for the American Army to occupy certain trenches near Fort Antonio held by the Filipinos; but a strong combination of tact and determination, and forcible representations that our modern artillery would be more effective than the Filipinos' antiquated artillery carried them safely through.

So in addition to our troubles with the Spaniards, we had also our troubles with the Filipinos. We knew that the Powers of Europe were not at all sure yet as to whether or not they would intervene, to prevent the United States from taking the Philippines. We knew that they would be very much more likely to intervene, if we made any mistakes, or got into any trouble with the Filipinos or with any other nation, than if we were successful in everything; consequently it was very desirable to us that everything should run smoothly. We knew that some of the Foreign Powers were watching us very closely, and we heard that Prince Henry had said to Consul Goodnow in Shanghai, "The Powers will not permit you to keep the Philippines."

We also knew that Prince Henry was brother to the Kaiser; and inferred that as he was on duty in Asia, in command of a squadron, his utterances were probably official.

It was clear to us, therefore, that Admiral Dewey had his hands very full, and it is not surprising that we viewed with much anxiety the strange actions of

a foreign neutral fleet in the bay. We were holding an effective blockade of Manila Bay and were a recognized belligerent. Therefore, by all the rules of war and military courtesy, Manila Bay was ours, and Admiral Dewey had the war right and duty to do everything in the bay that he thought necessary to the successful prosecution of the war. One thing was the boarding of every vessel, war vessel or merchant vessel, that came into the harbor. What was our astonishment on hearing that the Admiral of the foreign fleet objected to his ships being boarded, and that he had a Council of War on board his flagship at which the Captains of the warships of the various neutral nations were present, at which he proposed the question to each one, "Would you permit your vessel to be searched by a foreign man-of-war?" A Lieutenant of the British ship Immortalite, told me that Captain Sir Edward Chichester, the Captain of the Immortalite, was the first one to whom this question was addressed, and he answered that he was not the junior at the table, and, therefore, would not answer first. The officers answered afterwards in the inverse order of their rank, each one, including Chichester, saying "No." Then Chichester said, "It is not a question of being searched, it is simply a question of being boarded on coming into a blockaded harbor in time of war by the Admiral of the blockading fleet. The Admiral has a perfect right to

board all neutral men-of-war." And he opened an official book which he had brought with him from his ship, from which he read his authority for this statement.

Then it was very confusing, when we were using our searchlights at night to have the foreign fleet use their searchlights at the same time. That they knew that their relations with the Americans were strained, is shown by the fact, told us later by one of their officers, that, on one occasion, one of their ships which had been outside for a short time, came into the bay cleared for action. But perhaps the thing that caused us the most surprise was one of their ships preventing Aguinaldo from taking Isla Grande in Subig Bay. Admiral Dewey then sent the Raleigh and Concord to take it. It was reported in the bay that the foreign Admiral endeavored to get Admiral Dewey to commit himself in regard to the Filipinos, then, by asking him, with relation to this incident, whether or not he recognized the Filipino flag.

The reason for the actions of the foreign fleet was a point much debated by us in the Petrel. One side held that they were not really trying to make things difficult for the Americans, but that, from long habit, they had come to regard Americans as of small account, and were simply acting thoughtlessly.

This side had a very strong case, for Europeans

did not then have much respect for Americans, as a naval people or as a nation. This may seem a strong statement; but for years, American officers in all parts of the world had been smarting under the light way in which they and the United States were regarded by Europeans. It was not that we were treated with positive discourtesy by European officers and European people, but that we were patronized. Most Europeans had no adequate idea of the immensity of the United States; and even those who did, regarded the United States as a collection of separate States, held together very loosely in a sort of confederation, without any real national organization, and therefore without any national strength. They had been accustomed to see our miserable ships in different parts of the world; and being used from childhood to the idea that a warship represents her country, and that one can tell from a warship what kind of a country she belongs to, they had come to the conclusion that the United States and her people, while industrious, moral and rich in a material sense, were not people who belonged in the polite society of nations. And we knew that for years in European courts, American Ministers were not expected to act like the Ministers and Ambassadors of European countries; and that some European courts had instructed their Ministers and Ambassadors to tolerate certain rudenesses in American Ministers which they would not tolerate

in other Ministers.

An illustration of what I have just said about the way in which foreign officers regarded us may be given by relating one experience I had with them. Some of the foreign neutral nation officers dined with us in the wardroom of the Petrel in Hong Kong a few months before the battle of Manila. As the executive officer was on shore, I sat at the head of the table. I had one German officer on my right and another on my left. These officers spoke English very well, and were very highly educated and interesting men. One of them was an exceptionally brilliant man, and was not a man of common origin, but the reverse. Yet these two officers would talk with me in English and then talk across my face in their own language, knowing I did not understand it. There can be no doubt whatever that these officers knew perfectly well that this was extremely rude, and that they would not have dreamed of doing such a thing to an officer of a European power. I let them see before they left that I knew it was rude; but it was not easy to do this to guests, without being rude myself.

Two other incidents had occurred not very long before, that showed, not ill-feeling against America, but forgetfulness about her. One incident happened in Hong Kong, and the other in Nagasaki, both at dinner. In each case several nations were represented by naval officers; and the sovereigns of these nations

were toasted during the dinner. The custom is that sovereigns are toasted, not in the order of their rank, because all sovereigns are equal in rank, but in the order of the rank of their senior representatives at the table. Now, at both of these dinners the senior American officer ranked above some of the senior officers of other nations present; and yet the President of the United States was toasted last. The senior American officer brought the fact afterwards to the notice of the host in each case, and received an apology, showing that the act had not been intentionally discourteous, but was simply thoughtless; which was most exasperating. The fact is, that until the Spanish-American war, Americans, as a nation, hardly existed in the thoughts of Europeans.

The other side in this argument insisted that the German fleet was carefully trying to exasperate Admiral Dewey into committing some indignant act that would put him in the wrong, and stir up a hostile feeling against him among the other men-of-war in the harbor; that, as one of them expressed it, "they were putting stumbling blocks for him to trip over." They quoted the supposed remark of Prince Henry to Consul Goodnow in Shanghai, that the Powers would not permit the United States to keep the Philippines, and pointed out that it was known that his country wanted larger trade in Asia and better means of influence. They asserted

that she was entering into competition in trade in Asia, but was handicapped by having little land there; and that it would be very unfortunate for her trade, if the United States should get the Philippines, because the United States would then have a base that would help immensely American trade, and influence. They asserted his country was known to be very ambitious, that she had stood before the world for many years as the nation that had made greater advances in music, mathematics, physical science and military science than any other nation; that she combined more than any other nation, the qualities of profound thought, inventiveness, thoroughness, courage and physical health and that within the last few years, she had turned herself towards naval matters and had there shown the same superlative ability that she had shown in all other things that she had tried, but that her territory was too small to support her people, that it was desirable for her that her trade should grow; and that she did not want any more competition in Asian trade than she already had.

This side also held that, whatever might have been the feelings of the other officers, the steps taken by the Admiral were taken in obedience to orders from his Government; and, in fact, that no one having knowledge of the admirably exact methods of their discipline, could believe that steps involving

such grave international issues could possibly have been taken otherwise; and that, since these steps were very embarrassing to the American fleet, when it was engaged in war, and were taken by a fleet that professed to be a friendly neutral, and that was enjoying the privileges of a friendly neutral in a blockaded port, they bore some slight resemblance to the act of a man, who, being privileged to be present at a duel, as a friend of both contestants, should jar the elbow of one contestant, at the instant he fired his pistol.

I remember that Admiral Dewey came alongside of the Petrel one forenoon, and seeing Commander Wood standing on the poop, said with that manner which suggests a gentleman asking a lady for a dance, "Good morning, Wood, I should be very glad if you would come ashore to the arsenal with me and take a walk." The Captain got into the Admiral's barge, and they went together to the arsenal. Not very long afterwards they came back, and the Admiral came on board with the Captain and took lunch in the cabin. Later, he sat on the poop and some of us talked at intervals with him. Of course, we observed him somewhat anxiously, but he seemed to have nothing whatever on his mind, and talked with us about anything; Captain Wood, however, seemed to have something on his mind.

The Admiral returned to his flagship about four

o'clock, and the Captain walked up and down the starboard side of the quarterdeck for a long time, and seemed in some anxiety. He did not tell us what Admiral Dewey had told him, but gradually during the next few months we came to think that what had happened was something like this; that Admiral Dewey had told him that the actions of the foreign fleet had been such that he could no longer overlook them, but that he knew it was very dangerous to rebuke them because the two fleets were drawn up in front of each other. So he had told Brumby, his flag lieutenant, to take a verbal message to the foreign Admiral, representing the case exactly as it was in the eyes of both international law and military courtesy. He knew he could trust Brumby with such a delicate task, because he had explained matters to Brumby exactly, and Brumby had plenty of nerve, combined with a very soft voice, and a very gentle manner.

The Constitution gives the power of making war to Congress; but sometimes it rests in the hands of a naval officer.

CHAPTER VI

An Anxious Fortnight

ABOUT eleven o'clock in the evening of the 31st of July, while a miserable slow rain was coming down, we were astonished to hear a *r-r-r-r-t r-r-r-r-r-t*, followed by the loud firing of musketry and the booming of field guns. We instantly guessed that the Spaniards had, at last, made an attack on General Greene. In a few seconds, we heard this added to by what was evidently a volley of musketry; then another and another; and we knew that this was Greene, replying.

We went on deck, and huddled together under the awning, and watched the numberless little flashes of fire, and listened to the r-r-r-r-r-t, r-r-r-r-r-t of the Nordenfelts and the rattle of the musketry, and the booming of the field guns. We said to ourselves that the Spaniards had at last mustered up enough initiative to make an offensive attack,.and that they had simply pounced upon General Greene with his four thousand men, and his barefooted allies, and surprised them in their trenches. The noise and the

flashes kept up sharply for an hour and then gradually died away. What had happened as a result we could not tell; but that something important had happened we felt sure.

The next day we could not find out what had happened until some time in the afternoon; and then we found to our joy that the Americans still held their trenches, and that only a few had been killed and wounded. We found that, in spite of the tremendous firing, the Spaniards had not advanced beyond their own entrenchments, but had been content to lie behind them and fire. We looked over towards the Americans' position, but could not see anything definite. We could dimly make out, through the air full of rain, the outlines of Fort San Antonio, the extreme southwestern point occupied by the Spaniards. We could also make out, about one thousand yards south of Fort San Antonio, a large wooden house which was called "the convent" by the Americans, and we knew that General Greene's left was immediately beyond this convent, behind trenches which the Americans themselves had made.

That night almost exactly at nine o'clock, the firing began, exactly as it had the night before, except that there was not so much of it. We found afterwards that the Americans did not reply much, because they did not wish to waste their ammunition and they knew there would be no use in firing it

away, unless the Spaniards advanced. Of course the Americans were at a great disadvantage with the Spaniards in the matter of ammunition, because the Spaniards had millions of rounds in Manila, whereas the Americans were very scantily supplied. Thanks to the foresight of the people of the United States, concentrated in the foresight of Congress, the prayers of the army to be allowed enough money to prepare for war had been refused, and so the army was not prepared for war.

The next evening there was the same kind of a fight in the same place, and at the same time. This night we looked at the fireworks and heard the noise with much interest, but no anxiety.

The next day was August 4th, a day we shall always remember, because the monitor Monterey arrived. Until this day, the American fleet had been much nearer helplessness regarding both the foreign fleet and the Spaniards than was ordinarily supposed. We had not a single armor-clad in the fleet, while the Spaniards had four splendid 9.2 inch breech-loading rifles on shore and Dewey did not feel justified in risking unarmored ships against such guns, except in case of absolute necessity. During the time in which General Greene had been lying entrenched only a thousand yards south of Fort San Antonio, one of our ships had always supported him, lying close in, to be ready to bombard Fort San An-

tonio, and enfilade the Spanish trenches that ran perpendicular to the beach towards the east from the fort. But this ship was not to fire, unless Greene was in absolute need; because she was less than four thousand yards from the southern 9.2-inch gun of Manila, and the Spaniards at that gun could easily have gotten her exact range and direction. So, if she had attempted to bombard the fort, when the fort was firing on Greene, this gun could certainly have hit her, because the ship would have had to use her searchlights on the fort in order to be able to fire at it effectively and would therefore have illuminated herself. Now one of those 9.2-inch shell hitting an unarmored ship would have done frightful damage to her.

Ever since the arrival of the American troops, we had gradually come to think that we might, after all, have to use force to take Manila. We knew that there were a great many guns in Manila, and we heard it repeated from time to time that the Spaniards were throwing up additional fortifications, and bringing in additional guns from the country. We knew that the insurgents had surrounded the city, and had cut off the water supply by seizing the waterworks outside the town; and we knew that our fleet dominated the city and controlled the approach by water. Therefore, we knew that, if we were not interfered with by the foreign fleet we could take Ma-

nila, but that the Spaniards could if they wished, make us pay very dearly for it. We said to ourselves that, when the time came they would not care how many buildings we knocked down because the buildings were going to belong to us, and their non-combatants and infantry could very easily get to a place of safety. The only thing the Spaniards would have to do, would be simply to man their numerous guns, and fire at our unarmored ships, and take their revenge by doing a lot of damage to us, and letting us do a lot of damage to the city. When they got tired they would simply surrender. We knew that the number of projectiles that they could fire at us would be greater than on the First of May; not only because there were more guns available, but because these guns being well separated from each other and in well-protected positions, the gunners would be safe from being drowned or burned to death, and could fire the guns with greater coolness, and therefore with greater accuracy and speed. We heard that there was a new Governor General and that he was going to fight very gloriously.

That night, there was the usual nine o'clock fight in front of Fort San Antonio, and the next night; but that was the last. General MacArthur had arrived on the 30th of July, and we heard that the Astor battery landed a couple of days afterwards. The weather was very squally, and it was not until the

8th of August that General MacArthur got his brigade ashore. His brigade was put on the right of General Greene's, and General Anderson took command of both as a division.

On the 7th of August, we heard that there was some sort of negotiation going on between Admiral Dewey and General Merritt on our side, and the Governor-General on the other side. Exactly what it was we did not know at the time, but we saw the foreign ships leave their anchorage near the city, and get out of the way. Many small vessels came out of the river, filled with neutrals, and we heard that we should attack on the 9th. We did not attack on the 9th, however, and we found afterwards that Admiral Dewey and General Merritt had simply demanded the surrender of the city, and pointed out that it would be foolish and cruel of the Governor-General to expose the people of the city to bombardment. The Governor-General had replied, asking permission to communicate with his government, but Admiral Dewey and General Merritt had declined to grant the time required.

In the afternoon of August 9th, the Petrel took up an approximate position for the bombardment, and the forenoon of August 10th was spent by all the ships in getting everything ready for the fight, which we expected to start that afternoon. On board the Petrel we sat down to lunch at 11 o'clock, an hour

earlier than usual. Scarcely were we in our chairs, when a signal flew out from the flagship, "Attack postponed." Of course, we did not know the reason; but the sight of the Belgian Consul's steam launch leaving the flagship shortly after, led us to suppose that negotiations might still be going on. An hour afterward the Admiral's aid came on board and went into the Captain's cabin; when he came out, he said that the army was not ready. The Captain came out of his cabin afterwards and told us that the flagship would give us twenty-four hours' notice of the time of bombardment. This gave us a curious kind of feeling; I cannot say that we actually felt disappointed, because no one likes to be shot at, but we were all keyed up to be shot, and now we had to unkey ourselves again.

The Captain walked up and down the starboard side of the quarter deck, and we knew him well enough to recognize from his manner that he had something on his mind and we soon found that he had, and that we had to key ourselves up again; for soon after a signal went up from the flagship for the Concord and Petrel to go to their designated positions.

The Concord and Petrel got underway and steamed from Cavite over towards the city. The Concord steamed to a position near the northern part of Manila where the northern end of the Spanish

entrenchments came down to the bay. The Captain of the Petrel had received his orders, and he told me, as navigator, where he wanted to put the ship. We steamed to this place and anchored, and found ourselves directly in front of the walled city of Manila, with four 9.2-inch guns pointed at us, besides a lot of other guns. With our glasses we could easily see that there were a number of soldiers about all the guns. Each one of the Petrel's officers took the glass and looked at these things, and then looked at his neighbor, but none of us seemed to think of the proper thing to say, and so we said nothing, but went down to our rooms and thought about it.

The rest of the fleet, if I remember correctly, remained at their anchorage near Cavite, about seven miles away.

It was a quiet party that sat down in the wardroom to dinner that night, and it was a quiet party that sat about the decks afterwards under the awning and looked through the rain, at the dim lights of the city. That night when I got into my bunk, I made the mental note that I had got into the habit of making, of where my shoes were, and my trousers, blouse and cap, so that I might get them quickly; but then I thought that there was not much use in that, because the only danger was that the Spaniards might fire at us, and if they did there would be no use in my getting out of my room.

The next day was the 11th and we spent it swinging around our anchor. It was a miserable rainy day, and we saw and heard nothing. We watched the flagship all the day for a signal to bombard, but no signal came.

The next day was the 12th. Sometime I think in the forenoon, the signal was made that the bombardment would begin at nine o'clock the next morning. We received this news with pleasure, for the long delay was beginning to wear on us in our exposed and lonely position.

We looked for orders all the day to join the rest of the fleet, but none came. That night I think most of us went to bed with something on our minds, because we thought that, if the bombardment should begin the next morning at nine o'clock, and the little Petrel were still in front of the city, something would happen to her. But no one dared to express such feelings to another. It was not until long afterwards that we found out that we all had had the same feeling; and I think that some of us would not have been able to sleep very well that night, if long years of discipline had not taught us not to worry about things that our superior officers were paid to worry about.

CHAPTER VII

The Unnecessary Battle

NEXT morning, August 13th, after the decks were cleaned and the bright work polished, the men went to breakfast at half-past seven. The ship was already cleared for action. Ammunition was on deck and everything was ready. By half-past eight everybody had had his breakfast and was standing by. We knew by this time that we were to get underway at nine o'clock, and steam south, directly in front of the guns of the city, until we should get opposite Fort San Antonio, the extreme southern end of the defenses of Manila, about two miles distant from our anchorage. The German and French men-of-war were lying to the northwest, out of range of the guns of Manila. The Concord was about two miles north of the Petrel, opposite the village of Tondo where the entrenchments of the Spanish came down to the bay, and while not exactly out of range of the Manila guns, was rather over on one side. The American fleet and the American transports could be seen about seven miles to the south, off Cavite, and near

them were the English and Japanese men-of-war. There was a great deal of smoke coming from the American ships off Cavite, and we knew that, even if the Spaniards in Manila had not received notice that the American fleet was about to attack them, this unusual amount of smoke would tell them so.

I went up on the bridge about half-past eight. Looking through a spy-glass I could see plainly the whole front of the batteries of Manila. Directly to the east of us, near the Pasig River, which came down through Manila to the bay, was one of the large 9.2-inch guns. Extending to our right, that is towards the south, was the long wall of Manila proper, running perhaps half a mile. In openings cut in this wall, I could see very many small cannon. Near the water was a long line of some kind of fortification. I could see two very large guns pointing over this fortification besides some smaller guns. Still further to the right, perhaps a half mile south of the end of the wall of the city, at the end of the Luneta, was another very large gun. I could see signs of a great deal of stirring about. Of course, I could not see behind the walls of the city of Manila proper, but I could get a good view of the ground in the vicinity of various guns, and about these guns I could discern groups of soldiers. It was plain that the people in Manila knew what was about to happen, and that the soldiers had taken their stations.

Commander Wood soon came on the bridge, and we discussed the situation. I have never known how much he knew about what was to be done, but I do not think that he knew much more about it than I did. He was perfectly self-possessed and calm and when I said to him, "I hope they will let the Petrel get down to her position off Fort San Antonio before the rest of the fleet begins to close in," he answered, "Yes, I hope so, too." I handed him the telescope and pointed out where he could see the groups of soldiers gathered about the guns. He examined them carefully, and handed the glass back to me, but said nothing. I said to him:

"I bet one of the officers last night a dollar that we would not be hit to-day, even with a brick, and I expect to win the bet."

He said he thought I would win the bet, and added that the Spaniards, if they chose, could sink us right where we were in five minutes, and that not a soul on board would last five minutes longer; but that he felt sure himself that, if the Spaniards had wanted to do that, they would have done it before now. I said I agreed with him entirely, but I think both of us awaited the coming minutes with a good deal of anxiety.

Soon after, a signal flew out from the flagship, "Prepare to get underway."

I must admit that I felt a cold feeling inside, when

I saw that this signal was made to the whole fleet and not to us alone, but I said to myself that perhaps the signal would be modified and that we should be given a chance to get down to our station before the other ships moved. If this were done, I thought that we should probably not be shot at; but I thought that if we started to pass in front of all those guns, just when the rest of the fleet started towards them from Cavite, our going would look like part of a hostile demonstration and we should be treated accordingly.

Our anchor was already up; and soon as the signal to get underway was hauled down, the Captain moved the engine telegraph to full speed ahead. Somebody said, "Bradley, you are going to lose your bet." I said, "No, I think not," but in my heart I thought I should.

The Petrel began to forge ahead slowly. The Captain, Hughes, and I were on the bridge, and the men were at their battle stations behind their guns. The guns were loaded and the gun captains were standing behind them looking over the gun sights towards the guns of Manila. Through the glass I could see a round hole in one of the big guns, showing that the gun was pointed directly at us; and as we moved along, I could see that the hole remained just as round as at first, showing that the Spaniards were keeping the gun continually pointed

at us. We seemed to go extremely slow past all those guns, big and little, especially at first; but in about five minutes we said to ourselves that if the Spaniards were going to shoot at us, they would have done it already; and after that, we seemed to go faster.

The weather had been miserable all the morning. It now began to rain slowly, so that things on shore and on the water looked less clear; but we could see our fleet gradually approaching the point towards which we were heading, a point near Fort San Antonio, and we recognized the fact that events were coming to a crisis.

I have heard it stated since that Captain Sir Edward Chichester now moved the Immortalite between the American and the German fleets; but I did not notice it myself.

The Petrel took up a position southwest of Fort San Antonio, perhaps twenty-five hundred yards away; I do not remember exactly. The Olympia and Raleigh were northwest of us in deeper water, while the Boston, Charleston and Baltimore were farther out in the bay. The Concord remained at her position off the northern end of the defenses of Manila. The Callao, which was now a United States gunboat, commanded by Lieutenant Tappan, and the tug Barcelo, were in shore of the Petrel, standing by to support the left flank of our troops,

when they would advance towards the north, to take Fort San Antonio. The monitor Monterey, with her twelve-inch and ten-inch guns, and her heavy armor, took up her position directly in front of the walled city, and we looked forward with interest to seeing what would happen, when her eight hundred and fifty pound shell would begin to strike the fortifications.

Imagine our disgust afterwards, when we found that the officers of the Monterey had known for three days that there would be no fight; and that Admiral Dewey had told Captain Leutze that the Governor General had tried to get him to allow the Spaniards to fire a few shots at the American fleet, "to save their honor," but that he—Dewey—had refused to be a party to any such proceedings, as far as his fleet was concerned, though he had not thought it his business to object to the Spaniards' firing as much at the American soldiers as they wished. So the Monterey was cleared for action, with orders to shell the 9.2 inch Spanish guns and the city behind them, if any shot was fired at one of Dewey's ships. No such shot was fired, of course, and the "Monterey" remained a passive spectator of the curious scene.

We could not see any sign of the American soldiers on shore, but we had heard that General Greene had advanced his whole force to the en-

trenchments just north of the "convent," and that General MacArthur had taken possession of the Filipino entrenchments in front of block-house number fourteen; so that the American forces faced all that part of the Spanish forces that extended from Fort San Antonio eastward to block-house number fourteen. About two hundred yards south of the fort, a small river ran between the Spanish and the American lines. It had been supposed to be unfordable; but Major Bell had ascertained that it was fordable by the simple process of fording it himself. This was a very brave thing to do, and a very sensible one; and I think it was the first of a remarkable series of brave and sensible things which he did in the Philippines, and which made him a Brigadier.

At half-past nine the Olympia opened fire on Fort San Antonio. The Raleigh, Baltimore and Petrel followed instantly. The critical moment had come or, rather, we thought it had and we of the Petrel braced ourselves to get our dose.

The little ship went ahead with a vim, and shook all over with the violence of her exertions. But I could not locate her very satisfactorily on the chart, because there was no landmark near, except the fort, from which I could not take a good angle. So I had to do a good deal of guessing about her position, and therefore a good deal of guessing about the range; and I wished with all my heart that the Petrel

had my range finder. Still we banged away and fired a great many projectiles. We could not tell where they went, except when we saw some drop into the water, but we did the best we could, and perhaps some of them hit the fort. After this had gone on about ten minutes, I said to the Captain:

"Captain, I shouldn't be surprised if this whole performance was a sham. Don't you notice how slowly the Olympia is firing? And I don't think she is firing her eight-inch at all. Besides I just saw a signal from Manila, and I have not seen the Monterey fire at all, and no one has fired at us."

"Yes, I shouldn't be surprised if it were all a sham," said the Captain, with a smile.

During the battle of May 1st, the gun-fire of the Petrel had gone like clockwork; but this day the performance was very unsatisfactory. We found a great deal of trouble in keeping our position and in getting our guns to bear well. The difference between the two occasions was that on the 1st of May, the ships had been kept going through the water all the time, at enough speed to give the captains good control of them; but on August 13th they hardly had steerage way. This did not make quite so much difference to the ships that had twin screws; but to the Petrel, that had only a single screw, it was very exasperating.

The ships had banged away for about an hour

without getting any reply at all, when suddenly we saw almost abreast of us a line of soldiers jumping apparently out of the ground. These soldiers deployed down to the beach and then began to advance in line towards the north, that is towards Fort San Antonio. Immediately the flagship signaled to the fleet:

"Cease firing."

The line of soldiers advanced rapidly and we could hear the American field artillery somewhere farther in shore. Then the Spaniards began to reply from some place in front of them. We could not see any signs of the Spaniards or even their smoke, because they used smokeless powder. The only thing we could see was the long line of our soldiers advancing towards the river, brown hats, blue bodies and brown legs. They marched directly into the river without hesitation, their supports coming up behind, and quickly gained the opposite shore.

All this time there was a lot of firing from the Spaniards, but most of it seemed to be farther in shore than the fort; and we said to ourselves that we probably had driven the Spaniards out of the fort. Now we saw a small detachment of American troops dash forward, close to the beach, after they had forded the river. Then they ran along that side of Fort San Antonio which faced the beach, turned to their right and disappeared. In a minute, we saw

the Spanish flag come down, and the American flag go up.

We could not see much of what happened after this; but we could tell from the sound of the musketry and artillery that the Spaniards were retreating towards the north, that is towards the walled city, with great rapidity.

The little Callao and the little Barcelo accompanied the left flank of our soldiers, as they advanced towards the north, and kept the Spaniards back from the water front.

It was not long after this that we saw a large white flag on one of the southern bastions of the walled city. The Admiral then hoisted the signal to Manila:

"Do you surrender?"

We could not read the reply made from the city, but we afterwards learned that the Governor General asked for a conference, and that Lieutenant Colonel Whittaker and Lieutenant Brumby, who was Admiral Dewey's aid, went ashore to see what he wanted, Brumby carrying a very large American flag.

Our fleet now formed in front of the city. Some time later the flagship threw out a signal that most of us had never seen before, and that probably, most of us will never see again.

"The enemy has surrendered."

The Spanish flag was still flying over the city; and it was not hauled down and replaced by the American flag until five o'clock that afternoon. We found out afterwards that the Spanish authorities agreed to surrender, when Whittaker and Brumby met them, but that they asked that some United States troops be sent up the Pasig River and landed in the walled city before the Spanish flag was hauled down, to preserve order! An Oregon regiment was sent ashore about four o'clock, and stationed about the city.

At five o'clock, Lieutenant Brumby hoisted the American flag over Manila, the capital of the Philippine Islands.

CHAPTER VIII

The Conquered City

ON August 14, the day after the capture of the city of Manila, the Nanshan picked up the Manila end of the cable that went to Hong Kong, and tried to get communication with the outside world. We waited eagerly for news, but no news came. The Nanshan was quite near us and we found out soon that no signal whatever could be gotten through the cable. It was then discovered that the Governor-General had ordered that the telegraph instruments at the Hong Kong end be sealed up, which he had a right to do, as the contract of the Telegraph Co. was with him. Admiral Dewey and General Merritt then made some arrangement with the Governor-General, and a vessel, I think the China, was sent to Hong Kong with orders from the Governor-General to attach the instruments to the cable again and get everything into working order. In a few days after this we got messages back and forth without any trouble.

About a week after the surrender some of us got permission to go up to Manila. We steamed in a

launch towards the light-house at the end of the Pasig River, and then turned to the east and went up the river among great numbers of steamers, barges, tugs, and lighters. The Spaniards had sunk many obstructions, for what purpose I cannot imagine, and the tops of deck-houses, funnels and masts rose above the water. A great number of small vessels had lain alongside the docks during the blockade, which had lasted three months and a half, and they were now getting ready to go out, and resume their former lines of trade. The American administration in Manila was doing all it could to encourage this; and the consequence was a scene of the most bustling activity all along the river.

We steamed up the river and went slowly for two reasons. One reason was the crowded condition of the river, and the other was the eager interest we took in everything we saw. We had never seen anything quite like this, and for three months and a half we had been cooped on board a little ship with a hundred and fifty men, where a man could not walk two feet without running against some other man, or else turning aside to get out of his way; and the only things we had seen had been long reaches of water and some dim things on a distant shore.

On our right when we got inside the river, we saw the northwestern bastion of the walled city of Manila proper. From this bastion, one wall ex-

tended to our right, that is toward the south, nearly parallel to the beach and perhaps two hundred yards from it. Another wall extended east from the bastion along the river and nearly perpendicular to the other wall. Near the bastion was a magnificent white statue, which we found afterwards was erected in honor of Magellan, who discovered the Philippine Islands, and lost his life on one of them, named Cebu. Near the bastion we saw one of those 9.2-inch guns that had interested us so much a week before. On our left was a town named Binondo, which was usually included in speaking of Manila, but which was entirely outside of the fortifications of the walled city and on the opposite side of the river. Consul General Williams was with us, and he showed us a good landing on our left near the office of the Captain of the Port. We got out here, in Binondo, and walked along a rough stone road among a busy crowd of Filipinos, half whites, Spaniards and Chinese. There were a few carriages on the road and some carts carrying heavy loads drawn by caribous.

Mr. Williams led us along the river front three or four hundred yards, then turned to the left and went up a short street that looked extremely Spanish and brought us to a canal that opened into the Pasig River. We found a punt there, evidently acting as ferry boat. The Consul paid one cent for all of us,

perhaps ten. This seemed to satisfy the attendant, and he shot us across the canal with a few shoves of his bamboo pole. Mr. Williams then steered us up another Spanish-looking street, then turned to the right, and in a few minutes showed us what evidently was a business thoroughfare.

"The Escolta," said he. "This is the Broadway of Manila, or rather of Binondo."

To our eyes, accustomed of late to look only at distant objects, or at the familiar and mostly stationary things on ship board, the moving scene that met us was strangely confusing. The day happened to be bright, and we could see the greatest number of people and horses and carriages and street cars, and shops and windows; and they all seemed to be moving. But order was everywhere. Great numbers of Spanish soldiers, officers and privates, were gathered in groups, most of them smoking cigarettes. They were depressed, and some of them looked sullen, but they were gesticulating and talking nevertheless. Many of the officers looked distinctly handsome. They wore uniforms of some thin material, made with white and blue stripes, with certain insignia on the sleeves and shoulders, indicating the corps and rank. Many had red stripes running down the sides of the trousers and wore handsome caps. Some had military orders on their breasts. Their uniforms fitted them well; and with their small feet and

brisk movements and delicate features, they were rather attractive. Of course, they were not armed. There were absolutely no women to be seen in the street, except a few native women; but sometimes I thought I saw looking from an upper window a pair of black eyes that suggested feminine ownership. I had often read of the languorous eyes of the women of Spain, but these eyes showed no languor; and I remember the thought occurred to me, that if I found myself near the owner of those eyes, I would guard against being stabbed in the back.

Chaplain ——— was of our party; and we remembered afterwards that he had acted strangely this day, when a few weeks later he jumped overboard and drowned.

After looking for a few minutes at the little horses and the little carriages, and the little feet and the pretty, tinselly things in the windows, the sight of a six-foot, hundred and eighty pound Oregon soldier, with his big forty-five calibre rifle on his shoulder, and his big shoes and his heavy tread, gave one a pleasant shock. And when we compared the dried-up Spaniards we could see with this clear-blue-eyed man from Oregon, so tranquil, so confident, so perfectly at ease in his strange surroundings, and yet, so alert and full of interest, we seemed to be comparing feverish old Spain with healthy, young America.

Our walk interested us so much that it was with surprise that we heard some one in the party say, "I'd like a glass of beer;" but instantly we all felt that this was what we had been waiting for. On board ship we had had beer sometimes, but it came out of bottles and was warm. We knew that there was a very good brewery in Manila, and we were not long in finding a pleasant place, where we sat down and enjoyed for the first time in many months some cold beer. At the table next to us were a few Spanish officers drinking what looked like a cordial. We saluted each other, but this did not lead to a conversation.

After a short stroll we found an excellent restaurant (at least it seemed excellent to us), in the second story of a house on the Escolta. We had lunch served on a porch overlooking the Pasig River. From this we could see the blue bay and the distant ships of all nations and the American flag over Manila; and we knew that we were conquerors in a conquered city.

Perhaps there were ten of us who sat at the table on the porch; and no one will ever have feelings like ours, as we sat at that table, and looked over the bay, and looked at each other, and drank our *vino tinto*.

Later in the afternoon our thoughts turned again to war, and we walked across the river bridge, and went into the walled city, and thence towards the

western wall, that overlooked the bay.

We found the walled city very different from Binondo. It seemed different from any other city. Entering the walled city we seemed to go back three hundred years. We found ourselves in narrow streets lined with houses distinctly Spanish. Everything seemed old and yet well preserved. In Binondo we had seen the usual contrast that is seen in all cities, between the very good and the very bad, and the usual signs of cheapness of construction and of neglect. But the walled city of Manila seemed to be a place that had been selected and walled about, to separate it from common things. It had an air of exclusiveness. There was no sign of traffic or business. There was no bustle. Everything was quiet, clean and dignified. Everything looked official.

We got carriages, and drove to the state residence, or palace, of the Governor-General. We found it on a beautiful little square, or plaza; and very near it was the Cathedral. We went inside the palace, and mounted a magnificent staircase, and at the top of it found a splendid statue, I forget of whom. Then we walked through grand reception rooms, and corridors and lofty council chambers.

We had seen handsome palaces, in all parts of the world, and we remembered seeing many handsomer than this. But we had been in Asia for more than a year, and on board a little ship for three months and

a half. So the splendid marble columns that we saw and the handsome, enormous paintings, and the great gilded lions, each with his paw on a globe, and the frescoed ceilings, and the magnificent draperies, and the quiet and elegance of everything, filled me at least, with awe. And when I saw a United States soldier, walking carelessly about amid these splendors of ancient Spain, and when I saw my friends and myself standing there, who but a few years before had been little boys in a country that Spain had not thought about at all, reading of the glories of Charles the Fifth, and the conquests of Pizarro and Cortez, I had a confused feeling that there was a mistake somewhere. How could it be that six small ships had overawed such great magnificence; and that ten thousand unprofessional American soldiers had taken possession of it all?

With these thoughts in mind we walked out of the walled city, beyond the parapet of the western wall, that ran along the bay, to see if we might find some explanation there.

In going out from the walled city, we walked through an arched passage-way, that formed one of the gates. There were some American soldiers on guard there in place of the Spanish soldiers, who had been there before. After going through the passage-way, we found ourselves on an open space, facing the bay; and not far away, we saw one of those

9.2-inch guns that we had seen before, but from the other end. There was an American soldier on guard near the gun, and when we went up to it, he nodded to us in a very friendly way and said:

"I suppose you fellows are glad to get on shore and see the town from the inside; must be glad to get off your ships, too."

We were all dressed in uniform as officers, and this informal greeting came rather as a surprise. We expected that this man would draw himself up rigidly, and put his heels together and salute; but we realized at once that this was one of those American volunteers whose splendid work was not due to the carrying out upon them of any martinet system of discipline, but was due to their own individual courage and intelligence, directed by officers, like them, who in many cases were their intimate friends at home, sometimes their inferiors in social place, and not seldom their inferiors in education and ability. So we answered him in the same spirit, and we had a very pleasant talk. He expressed unbounded admiration for Admiral Dewey and his men, and said that the Army knew that without the Navy they would never have got into Manila. He told us of many incidents that he had seen since he had come into the city, about a week before, and of how wonderfully everything had been put into order.

It was astonishing that this private, drawing thir-

teen dollars a month as pay from the Government, and holding the lowest rank in the Army, should have such clear and true ideas of what had been going on. He told us how the Spanish troops, numbering thirteen thousand men, had been brought into Manila, and how their muskets and ammunition had been taken from them, and put away in order, ready to be given back to them, when they would go back to Spain. He told us how the Custom House had been taken in charge, and all its machinery put into working order. He said that the higher officials of the Custom House had refused to serve under the United States, and that only the minor positions remained filled by the same men who had filled them before, so that it had become necessary for the Army to detail American officers, very few of whom could speak Spanish, to take charge of the Spanish Custom House, and of the employees, very few of whom could speak English. But the matter had been accomplished and the Custom House was actually under full headway already, and the sum of money belonging to the Spanish Government, amounting to nearly a million dollars, had been turned over to the United States.

This soldier's talk was very interesting, and we found afterwards that what he said was true. We found that the Spanish sentries about the city had been relieved by American sentries, though many of the native police were still kept at their old work,

SALUTING U. S. ENSIGN ON THE ISLAND OF KAGAYAU, SULU,
OCTOBER 14, 1899

and that the entire city administration had been taken in hand by American officers; that the banks were again doing regular business; that the Americans had taken the water works from the Filipinos, and water was coming through the city mains; and, in short, that, in one week, the whole machinery of the Government, and the whole machinery of business, had been set going, just as it had been before the war. The Army had certainly done this work admirably.

We strolled about the various fortifications, and found that some parts of them were three hundred years old, and that few parts were modern. There was an enormous number of old bronze cannon, some of which had been converted into breech-loaders; but there was a great number of fine modern guns also. We looked at our ships in the bay, and they looked very little. Then we looked at the city behind us, and it looked so great and strong that we wondered how those little ships could have overawed it.

The arrangement of the fortifications showed that they were intended for two purposes: first, defense against insurgent attack on the land side, and, second, defense against fleet attack on the water side.

The defense on the land side was clearly sufficient; for, besides the high and thick walls, carrying many field pieces, and the protected positions from which large bodies of infantry could fire, the space was

cleared away far back from the walls, so that an attacking force would be terribly exposed; and there were also many obstructions and entanglements, such as wire fences and moats. A very short glance was enough to show that no attacking force without artillery could ever succeed unless it were of a size greater than could reasonably be expected. We now saw why the defense on the land side had successfully done its work for more than two hundred years. The defense on the water side seemed not so complete in proportion to what it might have to do as that on the land side; but still it was very strong, and if properly reinforced by a fleet, by submarine mines and by Position Finders, for directing the fire of the guns, it could have sustained a very powerful attack; a much more powerful attack than could have been made on it by the six unarmored ships of our little fleet. Nearly all the guns were behind fortifications, so that the men handling them would have been protected from all shells, except such heavy ones as could penetrate the fortifications, and explode inside. The guns were so far apart, especially the 9.2-inch guns, that no injury to any one gun would have affected any other gun; and each gun occupied such a small space, that it would have been extremely hard to hit it from a ship in the bay. The men at the guns would have fired them under the most favorable conditions possible, and our ships would have stood out

in perfect distinctness as targets.

We looked to see if there were any signs of instruments for finding and indicating the range and direction of ships to the various guns, but we did not see any. We heard afterwards, however, that the Spaniards had arraigned two telescopes about a mile apart along the water front, and by means of telephone and telegraph had made a very good Position Finder, so that they could give the range of any ship continually to every gun, even if the ship were moving through the water very fast.

We saw no sign of any system of submarine mines; no cable leading down to the water; and no operating rooms for the electrical apparatus. We had already heard, however, that the Spaniards had intended placing submarine mines, but had been too inert to act promptly, and had not got them ready in time. Before we left Hong Kong, we had expected to find submarine mines in Manila, as a matter of course, and Commodore Dewey had promised that he would put me in charge of our countermining operations. But when we got to Manila, we found no signs of any mines; and on this afternoon, when we saw these new 9.2-inch modern guns of great range and power, and imagined the Spanish fleet drawn up in front of them only 1,500 yards away from where we stood, we thanked our stars that this was so; for countermining would have been sure

death, and the shore guns, in combination with mines and ship guns, would have beaten off our fleet. Not one of our ships had armor; and could it be supposed that those four 9.2-inch guns could fire—even an hour—at the Olympia, without disabling her?

We strolled to the southern wall which ran east and west, and looked over the bay to the south. We could see the outlines of the Cavite arsenal about eight miles away. From the arsenal the land ran to the south, then curved around to our left, that is, to the east, then curved to the northeast, and then north towards us as we stood on the wall of the city.

We tried to imagine the Governor-General, who was also the Captain-General standing there watching Aguinaldo's army marching over that ground; and while we knew he could not really see them, we knew that he knew when Aguinaldo was outside the arsenal in Cavite, forming his little band, and when Aguinaldo marched south to the southern beach of Bacoor Bay, and when he met the first little Spanish force and drove them back, and when he met all the other little Spanish forces and drove them back; and we knew that the Captain-General, after he had allowed his fleet to be destroyed through lack of support, had allowed that band of barefooted Filipinos, led by a man twenty-nine years old, to drive back his soldiers, day after day, right up to the city walls.

Aguinaldo's secretary had told us in the latter

part of May that the Spaniards whom they would have to meet in battle were mostly soldiers and sailors who had surrendered on the first of May, and were afraid to go to Manila, because they had surrendered the fleet and the arsenal. I do not know whether this was true or not, but I know it was true that the Spanish soldiers whom Aguinaldo drove around the bay, up to Manila, were not supported by the Captain-General. The Captain-General had thirteen thousand disciplined troops; and yet he allowed Aguinaldo's "barefoots" to advance and to grow in confidence and numbers, and then to surround him, and then to cut off his supply of food and water.

The Captain-General remained passive throughout. He allowed 10,000 American troops to land in open barges, within range of his artillery, without firing a shot; and he waited until they had built good intrenchments, within a thousand yards of Fort San Antonio, before he made it at all inconvenient for them. Even at this late hour, the Captain-General had the chance by a well-planned and vehement rush, to drive them out of their intrenchments; but he simply lay behind his own intrenchments and fired for an hour on the thirty-first of July and then stopped.

But this cannonade, like that in August 13, was "the shot to save honor," that was all; and the Governor-General's conduct was consistent all the time.

He knew that he was beaten as soon as his fleet was destroyed and that he should have to surrender in the end; and so he did not subject himself, or his city, afterwards, to any needless danger by any needless fighting. Above all, he did not give the Filipinos in Manila any chance to rise, by sending out troops, to fight with Aguinaldo.

Standing on the southern bastion that warm and pleasant afternoon, we looked over the bay at our ships, and the wrecks of the Spanish fleet, and the American flag over Manila; and we talked about the Quixotic but ineffective bravery of the Spanish fleet and the secret weakness of Manila, and the lack of co-operation between the army and the navy; and we said to each other that no better proof could be had that military power does not depend on guns and fortifications and ships alone.

If it did depend on them alone, Manila would not have been taken, and the little American fleet would have been disastrously repulsed.

CHAPTER IX

A Change of Scene and Climate

WE received orders to go to Hong Kong for docking on September 10; but our orders were delayed by signal on September 9, and we heard that the cause was a sudden trouble with Aguinaldo. The trouble must have been smoothed over soon, however, for we started on September 15, feeling like school-boys off for a vacation. We had been in Manila Bay for nearly five months, without any fun of any kind; and now we saw before us a few days of civilization and its pleasures.

The trip was delightful, and when about two o'clock in the morning of the 19th, I was called to go on the bridge, I saw ahead the revolving light of Waglan Island that stands outside Hong Kong. The night was clear and there was good daylight by half-past five. We steamed forward among many islets and soon passed between the high and rocky boundaries of the entrance to Hong Kong.

At half-past six we dropped our anchor; and we looked about with delight on the round bay full of

Chinese junks and sampans, each with its family on board, and the large ocean steamships. We looked over to Hong Kong, and saw the familiar rectangular buildings, rising higher and higher above the water, and the terraces with their tennis courts, and the railroad up the steep mountainside.

At eight o'clock we sat down to breakfast in the wardroom, and each man found in front of his plate the morning newspaper; and each man picked up his newspaper and leaned back luxuriously in his chair and read it, and felt that he was in the world again and one of the people that lived in the world, and not an outsider.

The Admiral had told the Captain to hurry back as soon as possible; so we had only four days in which to enjoy Hong Kong, with our dinner at the club that seemed so elegant, and our walks and our jinrickshas. One evening I dined with Mr. and Mrs. Bottenheim at the Cragieburn on Victoria Peak. After dinner, we strolled about on the splendidly made English walks, cut in the solid rock; and they pointed out the beautiful stone summer residences, and the winding roads among the trees, and the gentle curves of the hills, looking so white and soft in the moonlight; and the thousand lights in the city and in the bay beneath us, and the lighthouses far at sea, and the blue water, stretching out to the horizon.

At the end of four days, the Petrel was steaming

out again between the magnificent headlands, under the great cannon, and over the submarine mines, that guard the entrance to Hong Kong.

One of the officers' wives was about to go home, called there by some duty, and she and her husband sat on the poop, talking quietly, before we got underway. They knew that he could not get home in less than a year and a half, and that when next they met, it would be exactly on the other side of the world. They knew that a great deal could happen in a year and a half, and that fighting had only begun in the Philippines.

We expected to take up our old station at Cavite when we got back to Manila Bay; and we looked forward dully to hot months of swinging idly around our anchor, doing nothing at all. We did do this for a week; but one afternoon Lieutenant Brumby came on board and went into the cabin, and stayed there about five minutes, and a few minutes later the Captain came out and said to me, who was acting executive officer, "Get the ship ready to go to Taku to-morrow."

I touched my cap and said "Aye, aye, sir." Then I walked over to the port side of the quarter deck, and one of the fellows said to me, "What's that, go to Taku to-morrow?" I said, "Yes, I think that's what he said." If the Captain had suddenly announced that we were to go to San Francisco to-mor-

row, it would not have created much more astonishment. Taku is the port of Tien-Tsin, in the extreme northern part of China, not far from Pekin, and the change from Manila to Taku would be tremendous in every way. We knew that there must be some sudden trouble with the Chinese, for we had heard from time to time that the "Boxers" were becoming very active. So we said to ourselves that we were through with Manila and hot weather for awhile, and were in for a winter at Tien-Tsin. We knew that many war-vessels of different nations had often wintered at Tien-Tsin, lying there as supports to their legations in Pekin.

On the evening of October fourth, just at sunset, we steamed out, passing Corregidor Island, and looked back at the noble outline of Manila Bay, that had been our home during many months of vivid life. The weather was very warm and very beautiful; and that night and the next day, we steamed quietly along and enjoyed the real luxury that ocean traveling sometimes is.

But the Petrel was in the place where typhoons are the most frightful, and in the month when they are the most frequent; so we watched the weather keenly.

October fifth was very fine, and so was the early morning of the sixth; and we said to ourselves that "Petrel luck" was keeping up, and that if the weath-

er would only keep good until we reached the China coast we could get protection after that. But later in the morning of the sixth, the wind began to freshen, and it freshened rapidly, so rapidly that in an hour and a half, we were in a howling gale.

We watched the weather signs carefully, and soon determined that this was not a typhoon, but the opening of the northeast monsoon. This relieved our minds a good deal, but still we knew we were to have a very disagreeable time, because in the Formosa Channel where we were, the northeast monsoon raises a tremendous sea.

By nightfall, the little Petrel seemed to be struggling for her life, pitching and squirming in a frightful sea, while waves broke over her and ran along her decks, and the rain came down in sheets, and the wind made a great noise as it struck the masts and rigging.

Before I turned in, I made up my mind to go up on the bridge and see how Ensign Fermier was getting on, the officer of the deck. So I put on my oilskins and rubber boots, and staggered up to the bridge, guiding myself by the lifelines in the darkness. I found Fermier holding on hard to the stanchions, his feet wide apart, peering ahead, where nothing but the white of breaking waves could be seen.

The waves were coming down on the Petrel from the direction of her starboard bow; as her bow set-

tled down into the water, and I watched the first oncoming wave, I noticed, that I looked up, that the wave was higher than our heads; and I said to myself that our time had come at last; that the Petrel could not possibly rise to such a wave as that; that it would fall down on the ship, and that would be the last of the Petrel and of us. But Fermier had become used to watching the high waves; for he steadied himself with one arm around a stanchion and the other arm around my neck, and put his mouth close to my ear, so I could hear him, and sang:

"Bother me eyes, the ship's a-sinking;
Bother me eyes, we'll all be drowned;
Bother me eyes, we'll go to the bottom,
And bother me eyes, we'll never be found."

It was not very pleasant on the bridge, so I thought I would go down and see if it was pleasant in the wardroom. I held on tight to the man-ropes going down the ladder, and looking back over my shoulder, I saw Fermier's shoulders and head outlined against a white wave, and I felt sure that he would be washed off the bridge. But the Petrel rose to that wave, as she had risen to others, and so I staggered down into the wardroom. There were four officers there, and they did not seem to be enjoying themselves very much The chairs and table were

lashed to the deck, and the officers were sitting on the chairs, holding on as hard as they could to the table. Their conversation was something like this: One man would say, "Wonder how long this thing's going to keep up," another would say, "A man's a fool to go to sea"; another would say, "Don't think we'll get much sleep to-night." Just then there would be an awful thump somewhere, and we would hear water rushing along the deck. The ship would tremble and we would all keep quiet. Then somebody would say, "That was a good one," another would say, "Must have taken a lot of water on board that time," and so on, and so on.

We gradually dispersed, each one staggering along toward his room, bumping against the bulkheads. The doctor and I were the last to leave. I was sitting on a chair that faced to starboard, and when the ship would roll to port, I would go over almost on my back with my feet in the air; and when it rolled to starboard, I would lean forward till I was nearly doubled up and grip the arms of the chair. Finally, I got up and went to my room as steadily as I could. As I entered my doorway, the ship gave a violent lurch and I ran at my bunk with outstretched arms, but caught myself without injury. Undressing required considerable skill, but I finally succeeded in accomplishing it, and then I turned in, and put out the electric light. While the light was turned on I

had felt quite at home; I was in a room, and I saw in front of me a desk, a mirror and the pictures of my wife and daughter; but when the light was out, and I lay down on my bunk with my back against one side of the bunk and my knees against the other side, and heard the waves strike every few seconds against my air port and then go away and come back again, and I thought to myself that those waves were only a foot away from my head, I felt that I was a tiny atom, out on the ocean, and almost in the ocean, in a howling gale of wind; and I was very miserable indeed.

We banged about in our bunks that night and got snatches of slumber once in awhile. All the next day the little Petrel tossed and squirmed and rolled. Standing on deck and looking out over the large area of water and seeing the size of the waves, the Petrel seemed literally to be tossed by them. She seemed very tiny and to be struggling against unfair odds; and sometimes when a tremendous wave would lift her, she seemed almost to jump out of the water like a flying fish.

We endured this existence for two days; then, on the eighth, the waves became smaller although the wind kept up, for we were nearing the China coast where the water was less deep, and the friction of the water on the bottom smoothed down the waves.

Late in the afternoon of the eighth, land was made

out ahead, but we could not tell where we were; we could tell only that we were not where we had hoped to be, because the landmarks did not look right. We steamed towards the north all that night so as not to get close into the coast, until we saw landmarks that we knew. Next morning when daylight came, we found we were south of where we had hoped to be, having been forced there by an unusual current.

The trip north along the China coast was made in comparatively smooth water, and for a great part of the way, was in behind the many islands and through the many straits and bays that lie between Amoy and Shanghai. My recollection of them is not very definite, but I remember that we anchored at dark every evening, because it would have been folly to attempt to go through such places at night. We got up anchor at early daylight every morning and steamed all day, and sometimes it was rather exciting work for the captain and the navigator. No officer of the ship had ever been in these waters before and we went through many places where men-of-war almost never go. The steamers that ply along the China coast do not try to go through these passages because they are a little dangerous, but the Petrel was too small to be able to steam outside against the northeast monsoon without great discomfort and delay; and she had to take the risk.

The scenery among most of the islands and along

most of the straits was beautiful, and in some places it was grand, but in all of it there was a curious suggestion of the Chinese. It might be merely the sight of some distant pagoda, or a curious burial place, or it might be simply a mental effect on me of the Chinese names on the chart; but all the beauty and the grandeur of the views of sea and mountain have in my memory now, a tint that is Chinese.

We emerged from the groups of islands and straits just before we reached the mouth of the Yangtse River, up which one goes to Shanghai. We passed it one afternoon when the sea was very smooth and the sun was a little to the west of south and threw a beautiful golden light over the smooth water, making an alluring suggestion of the pleasures of Shanghai. We had had only four days of civilized life in many months and these had been in Hong Kong, where we had been too full of work to have really very much fun, and we knew that Shanghai was a fine city, a little like the cities of our own home, and we looked longingly in her direction. But the Petrel had her orders to go to Taku; so she kept her head virtuously to the north and turned her propeller round with undiminished speed. By nightfall the seductive entrance to Shanghai was far away behind her.

Two days after, we rounded the promontory of Shantung, the northeast corner of China, and headed to the west, along the Gulf of Pechili. The tides

in this remarkable sheet of water are absolutely impossible to predict, and I am told that even the pilots of the place make frequent mistakes about them. So, the following evening about nine o'clock, I was not astonished when we suddenly made out the lightship anchored off Taku, three hours before we expected to make it out. The night was not very clear and the lightship was not very far away; so, before we quite realized that our trip was drawing to a close, down went the anchor and the engine ceased to throb.

The Boston had left Manila three hours before we had, to go to Taku, and we expected to find her at anchor, but we could not see anything except a few lights too close inshore to be hers, and the twin lights of the lightship. We afterwards found that the Boston had had a hard time in the monsoon and had gone into Amoy.

After plotting the ship's position on the chart, I went down into the wardroom. There were a number of officers sitting there, and Hughes turned to me, with a blissful smile on his face, and said: "Bradley, isn't this delightful?" There we were, out of sight of land, with no town nearer than twenty-five miles and that town not a very attractive one; there was no chance of seeing any newspapers, or going to the theatre, or seeing anybody that we did not live with all the time, or of doing any other of the one thousand and one things that people like to do. But

the whirling of the propeller, and the thumping of the engine, and the vibration and rolling of the ship had stopped, and the strain of the trip was over. So when Hughes said, "Isn't this delightful," we leaned back in our chairs in the wardroom where it was so quiet, and agreed that it was delightful.

That night, when I turned into my bunk, I reminded myself that I did not have to fear any attack of torpedo boats or anything else, and that I was not in danger of being called because the search-lights did not work well; and that I should not have to get up at daylight next morning to pilot the ship all day in dangerous waters. So I stretched out tranquilly, and slept.

The next day, while I was standing on deck, I was knocked down by a spar that fell on my head. I bled a great deal, but was not seriously hurt. I remember my principal concern was lest I should faint, and that I insisted vehemently that the doctor give me some whiskey to prevent it.

The next afternoon, I heard a sharp "pop" on deck, but it was not very loud and I did not pay much attention to it. A few minutes later I saw a curious shape on deck with a Union Jack over it, and I found it was a Gunner's Mate, just killed by the accidental discharge of a revolver.

We remained anchored in this place about three weeks, and we enjoyed it hugely, although we were

out of sight of land. There was nothing to do and nothing to see, but a tug would sometimes come out from the Pei-Ho River and bring us fresh food, and news from the outside world. We found that the reason for our being there was that the Boxers were becoming very threatening near Pekin; and we made up our minds that we should have to go up the river and stay there all winter. This had been done before, by warships of different nations, but we had heard before we left Manila, that there was a chance that there would not be enough depth of water to let us go over the bar at the river's mouth. We found now, however that there was enough water, and that we could get over the bar, and up the river half way to Tien-Tsin, to a place called Tong Ku. We knew that if we once got up the river, we could not get out again until the following March or April, because the whole bay would freeze over. So, realizing that our legation in Pekin was in danger, we reconciled ourselves to staying up the Pei-Ho River, iced in, all winter, in a climate as nearly the reverse of the climate of Manila, as could be found in the world.

Just as we had made up our minds to this, one night about nine o'clock, we saw our letter "P" made by the electric lights of the Boston, and we knew that something important was going to happen. The Boston spelled out an order, one letter after another, and it began "Proceed to Shanghai." The news was

over the ship in a minute. To say that we were delighted, would not half express the facts, although we knew that Shanghai meant Manila afterwards.

The next evening we got underway, and two days afterwards we anchored at Shanghai. Our boilers had been complaining for a long time and we knew that they had to be repaired; the Captain had reported so, and this was the reason of our coming.

About two weeks after reaching Shanghai, the Surgeon and I took dinner on board an English warship. When we got back on board the Petrel, the doctor went down to his room and I stayed on deck and talked for a while with Fermier. Fermier said that he felt very badly, that he did not think he had ever felt so badly before in his life. I said that I would go down and call the doctor before he turned in, but Fermier objected and said he would be all right in the morning. I soon came to feel, however, that Fermier was really ill, and so I went down and told the doctor, against Fermier's protests.

Supposing that Fermier was only temporarily ill, I turned in; but I can remember now that before I got to sleep, I became conscious of a slight noise in front of my door, and opening my eyes, I saw the doctor going by with his left arm around Fermier, who had his head on the doctor's shoulder. The next morning Fermier was unconscious. The doctor pricked him with a pin, but there was no response.

The Captain then had a signal made to the Monocacy for her doctor, who came to the Petrel at once. He agreed with our doctor that it was a case of apoplexy. Fermier died that evening painlessly. Two days after, his body was cremated in Shanghai and all the officers and men in the ship who could, went to the last services over the body of our dear messmate.

We had been together, the whole mess, for nearly two years, and there had not been any break up to this time. We had been through many dangers, and had had together many of the strange experiences that are so frequent in the lives of naval men; so this sudden death of the strongest man in the mess was a great grief and shock. The grief to us in that little inclosure, which was our temporary home, but just as much a home at the time as any home is home, was such as no one can understand who has not had experiences like it.

Mrs. Fiske and Mrs. Hall joined us in Shanghai and we stayed there about a month. During this time the Taotai gave a ball in his palace. All I can remember of it is a dazzling lot of uniforms of different kinds, and a great number of Mandarins, and the fact that the Taotai changed his costume five times during the evening.

Not long after this, the Scots of Shanghai gave a Caledonian ball in the Astor House. My wife and

I had never been to a Caledonian ball before, and we were much interested in the extraordinary dances that the Scots performed. The way the Scots danced, men and women, showed that they had great vigor and strength. We left about half-past two; but some time near daylight, the following morning, I was partly wakened from my slumbers in the Astor House by a large chorus of manly voices, not altogether in harmony, singing, "He's a jolly good fellow." We heard afterwards that, besides the regular supper that occurred about half-past twelve, the real Scots had another one about half-past three; and that about half-past five they started out to serenade various prominent people of Shanghai. The last serenade came off at about eight o'clock in the morning; but by this time there were only two left of the original party of twenty, to sing the serenade, if singing it could be called; the other eighteen had literally "fallen by the wayside," and been carried home by coolies.

Our stay at Shanghai was extremely pleasant; and the most pleasant part of it all was to see the way we were treated by everybody. As Americans we had been used to being treated well by Americans, Frenchmen, Italians and people from South America, but we had not been used to being treated well by the English or the Germans, at least not as equals. Now we recognized a distinct change in their atti-

tude towards us and we knew why. We knew that many people had expected that the Americans would be whipped by the Spaniards, or that if they were not whipped by the Spaniards, the Powers would see that they were not allowed really to whip the Spaniards. And when these people found that we really had whipped the Spaniards and had gotten possession of Manila and Manila Bay with every prospect of getting all the Philippine Islands and some of the West Indies and of becoming a Power in the world, their manner towards us changed and Consul Goodnow smiled now, when he told how Prince Henry had said to him that, even if the United States should get Manila, the Powers would not allow the United States to keep it.

It was with much regret that we left Shanghai and started for Manila, because we knew that we were leaving civilization and all it meant for the dullness and isolation of Manila Bay; and yet we all recognized a curious longing for its warmth. We had disliked it when we were there, but the cold of Taku and Shanghai had made us shiver sometimes, and then we remembered, with a soft desire, how warm it was in Manila Bay.

Our trip took us along the west coast of Formosa; and as we passed the southern end of Formosa and steamed toward the northern end of Luzon, the thought occurred to us that it was curious that Japan

and the United States should now be only two hundred and ten miles apart.

Our orders were to make as close an inspection as possible of Apari, a town on the northern coast of Luzon, that was supposed to be the headquarters of Filipino insurgents, and that afterwards proved to be so. We could not get there that night, so we anchored in a bay, the name of which I cannot remember; but I remember steering into this unknown place just before dark, and going through a very winding strait, and finally anchoring in a perfect land-locked harbor where were mountains covered with green on every side. And I remember that, after dinner, we went on deck, and could see nothing all around us, except mountains that seemed very close, and were very dim and very quiet; while overhead we saw no clouds, only hundreds of brilliant stars.

CHAPTER X

Back to Manila

WE got back to Manila Bay a few days before Christmas, and had that strange feeling that comes to everybody when he returns to a place that has been very familiar to him, after having received very strong impressions in his absence of other scenes: I mean that strange feeling of surprise at finding things so unchanged; that strange feeling that he has not been away at all.

But we found that changes were to happen in the little lives of four of us; and they happened in a very few days. The Captain was detached and sent home, Hughes was sent to the monitor Monterey as Executive Officer, Hall to the Concord as Chief Engineer, and I to the monitor Monadnock as Navigator.

We had now been in the ship two years, and the only break had been Fermier's death. So it was with a tight feeling in the throat that I got into the steam launch with my uniforms and sword, on the afternoon of December 31st, and shoved off from the little Petrel.

I found the Monadnock a very different thing, to live in, from the Petrel. The Petrel was a cruising ship where we had sails and spars and ropes, and where sailorizing methods were used. She was not very different from the ships that I had been brought up in, and the sailors felt at home on board her; but the Monadnock was a big, flat, iron raft, sharp at both ends, with a house in the center, called "the superstructure." In this superstructure were the cabin and the wardroom, in which the Captain and the wardroom officers lived, and had their meals. The wardroom was directly over the boilers and was extremely warm. The Petrel had been warm, too, but with the warmth of the outside air and its moisture, while the Monadnock had the warmth of an oven and its dryness. On board the Petrel one spent a great deal of his time taking out his handkerchief and wiping his face; but on board the Monadnock the heat was so dry, that this was unnecessary and the hair felt dry and crisp. Just outside the superstructure, forward of it and abaft it, was a steel turret that held two ten-inch guns that fired shells weighing five hundred pounds.

There were two great pleasures in getting to the Monadnock. One pleasure was having some space to walk over back and forth. On board the Petrel, the greatest length a man could walk over was twenty-three steps, and even then he was apt to walk against

some one; but in the Monadnock there was plenty of room to walk. The other pleasure was having new people to talk to. We had been in the Petrel so long together, that everybody knew exactly how much everybody else knew and what his opinions were on every subject; so that one could tell what any conversation was going to be, as soon as it began. But in the Monadnock, when a conversation began, I had the excitement of wondering what it was going to be like.

Things had long been quiet in Manila now, with little sign of immediate trouble with the Filipinos, and so I had arranged for my wife and little daughter to come down. They arrived on the 2nd of January, and that afternoon we took a drive on the Luneta. This is the fashionable driveway of Manila, and it runs along the beach about a mile just outside the walls of Manila proper and continues to the south perhaps half a mile. There were a great number of carriages on the road, but we saw no Spanish ladies.

Just before dusk we reached a very large open place near the southern end of the Luneta, and this was full of American soldiers off duty. Although the afternoon was very warm, these men showed the characteristic energy of the Anglo-Saxon and were playing games. The band was on the band stand and many were grouped near it listening to the music. My wife suggested that we get out of the car-

riage and walk among the soldiers and see them closer. I said that these men were volunteer soldiers, and from all parts of the United States, mainly from the west, and that many of them were probably rough people, and that I did not think it would be safe. She insisted a little, however, and so we got out and walked among them. They were big, rough men from Arizona, Dakota and Oregon; but as we walked among them they always moved out of our way and stopped their talking and laughing and saluted; and they showed in every way as much chivalry and respect and gentleness as could be shown by any class of people in any part of the world.

Two days after that my wife and daughter came on board the Monadnock for lunch. I had not told them anything about the heat of the Monadnock and had asked the other officers of the mess not to mention it to them; and in case they mentioned it to appear to be surprised. On the day they came, we were coaling ship, the skylights were closed and the temperature shown by the thermometer was ninety-seven degrees; if one put his hand on the arm of a wooden chair, the chair felt hot to the touch. I saw a startled look come into my wife's eyes as she sat down at the table, but all the men there seemed to be perfectly at their ease, and so she said nothing. I noticed, however, that she was getting a little curious, if not alarmed; and finally she turned to Wer-

lich and said, "Isn't it rather warm?" Werlich answered in his courteous way, "Yes, isn't it? I think Manila is very warm indeed. I wish we could go to a cooler place"; and then changed the subject. She evidently was not satisfied, for she brought up the subject several times in different ways, but was always put off in the same fashion. At last she turned to one of the officers and said, "I mean, isn't it excessively hot right here in the wardroom?" He answered, "Well, I hadn't noticed it, but I agree with you that it is so."

A few days later, I was going down from Manila to Cavite in a rickety wooden steamer, that made trips between those places and I got into conversation with a Filipino gentleman of considerable education who talked English very well. He said:

"We are very much grieved that your President has told the Filipino army to lay down their arms, because that means that the United States will take the Philippine Islands. We thought that we were going to have our independence."

I said: "You're going to have your independence; I mean in the way in which Ohio has her independence, or any other State."

He said: "No, I mean *our* independence; I don't call belonging to the United States having our independence; we want to have our own government and to be a nation in the world, a real nation ourselves."

I said: "You wouldn't be so well off in that case; you're not strong enough as a nation to keep a government like that. These islands are very near China and very near Japan and Formosa, and I think that you'd soon find that some powerful nation would find some excuse to get up a war with you. They'd whip you, and then you'd find yourself, not part of a country like the United States, but a conquered people under some country that wouldn't treat you very well."

He said: "Oh, of course we'd have to have the protection of the United States. We know we're not strong enough and rich enough to form a government that could resist a strong foreign government. But we thought the United States fought the Spaniards here, just as part of the war with Spain, and that it didn't wish to keep the islands for itself. We thought that it would give us the islands to govern and give us its protection; and you really made us think that. You let us form a Filipino army and fight your battles, and you encouraged us in every way to do it. You knew that General Aguinaldo had made a proclamation that went all over the islands in which he said that the United States Government would help us to get our independence, and you never contradicted it; and you knew that for several months we fought the Spaniards and drove them all around Manila Bay, and that we got our

trenches right up in front of the city, and that we captured the water works; and then your soldiers came and took our intrenchments that we fought to get, and they took them without losing a man; and finally the city surrenders and your soldiers march in and shut the gates in our faces."

I said: "General Aguinaldo had no right to issue any proclamation telling what the United States would do; but there was no man here, not even Admiral Dewey, who had the right to contradict him. Admiral Dewey and General Merritt are not the President of the United States, and they have no right to speak for him. If General Aguinaldo made these proclamations and you believed them, that is your affair. It is not our business in any way; there could be no man out here who had a right to tell Aguinaldo what proclamations to make, or not to make. That is a matter entirely between General Aguinaldo and you. About the Filipinos not being allowed to enter Manila, the terms of surrender I understand specified that no Filipino soldiers should enter the city for awhile, because the Spaniards feared that some of the common Filipino soldiers could not be kept from violence. The American commanders were very anxious that no violence should be done, and so they agreed to it. Now if you will only be patient you'll find that all things will come out all right. You'll become part of the

United States and you'll be treated in a way very different from the way in which you were treated by the Spaniards."

He said: "I don't see any reason to believe that we'll be treated any better by you than by the Spaniards. The Spaniards were always very good in making promises, but they never carried them out. They would promise anything, if it was to their advantage, but when the time came to fulfill their promise, they wouldn't do it. I don't see any reason to think the Americans any different. In fact, your army has acted just about the same as the Spaniards. Your army deceived us into giving up some of our intrenchments near San Antonio, and they deceived us on the 13th of August, when the city was taken and they call us niggers and they don't treat even our officers with common decency. If any of their officers come into our lines, we salute them and are very careful to treat them with respect in every way; but if one of our Filipino officers, no matter what his rank, and no matter how much he has fought and risked his life for them, goes into Manila, the soldiers make him take off his sword. Now that is very insulting, and it creates a very bitter feeling towards Americans among the Filipinos."

I said: "That's a subject I don't know anything about, but I am sure that the intention is not to insult you, but that the authorities in Manila are bound to

do this, by some part of the terms of surrender made with the Captain-General."

He said: "It doesn't make any difference if they are; you had no right to make any such terms, and this is one reason why I say that we don't see any reason to expect that we'll be any better treated by the Americans than by the Spaniards. The only difference will be that we'll find you stronger than the Spaniards. The Spaniards came here and took our islands from us by force, and now you come and take them from the Spaniards by force; and we simply exchange one master for another. These are our islands and we ought to govern them, and you have no more right here than the Spaniards had."

I replied: "What right would you Tagals have to govern these islands? The only 'right' you Tagals would have to govern them would be got by force. They are not your islands at all. These islands are inhabited by many different tribes; but you, the Tagals, have been stronger and fiercer fighters than any of the others; and because you are stronger and fiercer fighters, you have got the mastery over the others. If the United States gives up these islands, who will govern them? You say you will, you mean the Tagals. Now you know perfectly well that the Tagals would have to fight, even in these islands, to whip all the other tribes into subjection, and your right over the islands would be exactly the same right

as that of every government in the world, the same right that the United States has here now."

He said: "Then you admit that you have no right here at all except the right of force. You admit that you come down here and take our islands away from us simply because you are strong enough to do it, and that you've no right to do it at all?"

I said: "I don't admit that, because I don't admit that these are your islands any more than they are the islands of any other native tribe. And there is another point—the principal point: we have destroyed practically the only government that was here —the government of Spain. To be sure the government was not very good, but the people were protected in great measure in their lives and property; and the organization by which the people were enabled to live together was effective in the main. But if we should go away and leave these islands now, we might leave them without an efficient government. You say that you will give them an efficient government. But can you? Maybe you can, but maybe you can't. Now we're bound to see that there is some government in these islands, at least as good as the government we destroyed. It would not be decent for us to give them to you, if we merely thought that perhaps you could govern them, because we are bound to be absolutely sure that you can and that you will, it would be a crime to allow a doubt to exist."

The little steamer was now getting close to her dock at Cavite, and we shook hands and parted after what had been to me a most interesting talk, and one that had been conducted on the Filipino's part, at least, with calmness and good humor.

Our talk gave me a clearer idea than I had had before of how deep and determined was the Filipino feeling towards us. Up to that time I had seen nothing to make me really feel it. I had known that the American troops were drawn up in a half circle around Manila that was nearly thirteen miles long, and that they were facing the Filipino army; and I knew also that the individual American soldier called the individual Filipino "a nigger," and despised him. This talk showed me that perhaps the Filipino hated the American. So it was not hard to imagine that, along those two parallel lines of Americans and Filipinos, there was a tremendous tension, like the tession between two clouds charged with opposite kinds of electricity; and it did not take very much reflection to convince me that at any instant there might come a violent disturbance of the equilibrium; then the whole charged system would discharge itself with sudden and tremendous energy, and war would be on hand. So that evening I told my wife that she and my daughter must leave Manila by the next steamer.

CHAPTER XI

Preparation

IN the afternoon of the 11th of January the Olympia gave a little dance. I went up to Manila and brought my wife and daughter down, and we all danced to the music of the Olympia's band, under awnings decorated with flags; and we could look through the openings between the flags and see the merchant ships and warships of all the nations, and the American flag over Manila.

About five o'clock the Admiral's aide, Scott, came to me and said that the Admiral had just signalled to the Monadnock to go in and anchor off Fort San Antonio, and clear for action, but that she was not to go until after dark, because the Filipino insurgents would see her go.

At six o'clock the ladies started back to Manila in a steamer, and we of the Monadnock got into our boat, and went to the Monadnock.

We were very quiet at dinner that evening in the Monadnock, for we knew that we might be on the verge of war. We knew that, at the first shot fired between the American and the Filipino lines, war

would begin; and we knew that if war did begin, it would be that most heartrending of all wars, next to civil war, a war of subjugation.

About nine o'clock, that evening we picked up the Monadnock's anchor very quietly, and headed in towards Fort San Antonio. The night was very dark, and it was somewhat difficult to see where we were going, and especially to avoid the fish stakes and nets. Lieutenant-Commander McCrackin was in command; he stood in the bow, and gave his orders in regard to the helm and engines to me on the bridge.

The next morning, we found that the alarm of the day before had been a false alarm, at least for the present. But the Monadnock was got into position near Fort San Antonio, and cleared for action, to support her.

I received permission to go ashore that afternoon, and I went up to Manila. About four o'clock, my wife and I drove down in a carametta to Fort San Antonio, to look at the arrangement of the fort and the American and Filipino trenches near it. I thought it would be interesting to both of us, and that even a slight knowledge of the intrenchments might be of assistance to me, if the Monadnock should have to open fire.

We drove up to the gate of the fort, and got out of the carametta, and asked permission to go in; but

the sentry told us that no one was allowed. I asked the sentry to send word to the commanding officer that an officer of the Monadnock would like to call on him, and in a few minutes a young officer with the rank marks of first lieutenant came to the gate and invited us in. He escorted us all about the fort, and took us up on the parapet, and showed us how the American line of intrenchments which had been the Spanish, ran to the east, that is, perpendicular to the beach for about a thousand yards, and then ran to the northeast. He also pointed out on the other side of the little river near the fort, less than a thousand yards away, the line of intrenchments that was now held by the Filipino insurgents, and that had been held before the capture of the city by the Americans. The officer's bearing was so officer-like towards both his men and towards us, and so gentle and courteous, that I thought he must be a regular and a graduate from West Point. But he said that he was a volunteer from South Dakota, and had never had any military experience or training whatever, except when serving with a militia company in South Dakota.

We talked about the situation, and he said he thought it was very serious; that he knew that there were several thousand Filipinos in front of him, although he did not know exactly how many, and that they could attack his fort and take it at any time, if

they simply made up their minds to do it, because they would be so overwhelming in numbers. He said that his soldiers by this time were thoroughly exasperated with the Filipinos, and wanted to fight them, and he felt quite sure from certain signs that the Filipinos felt the same way towards them. He said it was only a matter of time before war would break out, and that when it did it would be fierce and bitter.

I said we had been thinking it might be possible that the Monadnock would be attacked, as the Filipinos could get together a large number of canoes up the river, and come down and board her, and try to overwhelm us by the force of their numbers. I added that, of course, they could not really succeed in doing this, because we could get on top of the superstructure, and close the iron doors, and fire down on them, but that nevertheless we were keeping a very bright lookout, thinking that they might try it.

He replied: "Oh, no; they're afraid of you; they are awfully afraid of those big guns on your ships; they'll never go near you. But they're not a bit afraid of us. They know they have better guns than we have, and smokeless powder, which we haven't; and every Filipino thinks he's just as good a soldier as an American."

I told him that my wife and I would like to drive out farther and go inside the insurgent lines; both

from feelings of curiosity to see what they were like, and also from a desire to know the nature of the intrenchments and position, because it might help me on board the Monadnock, when the fighting began. He looked at me doubtfully, but said nothing. So I asked him if he thought it would be dangerous for us to drive down there. He hesitated and then laughed in an embarrassed way and said:

"Well, I don't know; I can't say that it would be exactly dangerous, but on the other hand I don't like to advise you to do it. I don't suppose the Filipino officers would want to have you hurt, but we don't know how much control they have over their men. Any private soldier, for instance, might shoot you in the back."

My wife and I talked this over for a moment, and then concluded we would try it anyway.

The officer accompanied us to the carriage and bade us good-bye very pleasantly, and as we drove off he said:

"Now keep a lookout, and if you see signs of any commotion, turn right around and come back; you know I couldn't possibly give you any assistance until it would be too late."

We thanked him and drove farther down the road, then turned to the left and then to the right, and went across a short bridge over the little river, and found ourselves among a large body of men,

among whom were many women.

The men were nearly all dressed in the uniform of the Filipino army, and were armed with muskets. They seemed to be in good order, and some of them saluted me as we drove by, but after we had gone about a quarter of a mile beyond the river that separated the American lines from the Filipino lines I recalled the officer's warning, and, looking behind, I saw that great numbers of the people were watching us, and that a crowd was following the carriage. I told the driver at once to turn around and go back. My wife objected, and said that she wanted to drive farther into the camps, but I said: "Not much, we've gone too far already, and if the admiral knew that I had come down here with you, he'd put me under suspension, and I wouldn't blame him."

We drove back through the lines without molestation, and I was saluted as before.

The next day my wife and daughter left in the King Sing for a trip through India and Egypt, and I went back to the Monadnock. The King Sing went out just before evening; and as she got over towards the west, I could see her form outlined with intense distinctness against the background of a gorgeous tropical sunset.

CHAPTER XII

Tension

FOR two or three weeks nothing happened to break the subdued tension of the situation. People went to and fro in Manila, shopkeepers plied their trade, and, to a casual observer, everything looked peaceful, except the sentries pacing at frequent intervals in the streets, regiments of soldiers drilling, and the keen, watchful look on the face of everybody; for everybody knew that all through Manila there were thousands of Filipinos who hated us just as much as did the armed Filipinos who surrounded the city. The American authorities were continually finding arms and ammunition hidden away in houses, and continually arresting Filipinos on suspicion. It was known that the insurgents inside and the insurgents outside were in continuous communication; and every two or three days, a report would come out that that night there would be a combined movement made by the insurgents inside and outside upon the Americans. The expectation we had was that the insurgents outside would make an attack on our soldiers in the in-

trenchments at all points, which would require that nearly all our soldiers stationed inside the city should be sent to their support; and that, when this was done, the insurgents inside would seize their arms, and overpower the guards left in the city, and then attack the Americans in the intrenchments from the rear. Some of the officers in our fleet still had their wives in Manila, and some Army officers too. Many of them were at the Hotel de Oriente.

On the afternoon of February third, I went up to Manila in my capacity as caterer of the wine mess, and went out to the beer brewery to get some beer. After doing this I went to the Hotel de Oriente to see how some of the ladies were feeling, who were my friends. I found that they were in a state of repressed excitement, but seemingly fearless. I was about to leave, to go back to the Monadnock, when Mrs. Hall and Mrs. Peterson, wives of officers, asked me to take dinner with them at the hotel. I was very glad to accept, though I knew I should get a wretched dinner, but our opportunities for feminine companionship were few, and had to be seized when they came. One of the ladies had a pleasant parlor on the corner, from which a very good view of the large plaza in front of the hotel could be got. So, after dinner we three sat in this room and enjoyed the sight of the moonlight resting so softly on the large buildings, and the fountain in the plaza, and

the sound of an occasional piano or guitar. One of the ladies said:

"How peaceful everything seems, and yet how peaceful it isn't!" and she pointed down the street.

There, in the dim light, could be seen in the distance, a dark, regular mass of men, that swayed slightly from side to side with a periodic motion. It was advancing towards us. At intervals in the mass were little streaks of light that seemed as if reflected from bayonets and swords. Then came the muffled cadence of a marching step. Then came a faint, metallic clatter of accoutrements, keeping time with the step, as a thousand foot-falls struck the ground together. Nearer came the American regiment. The sight and the sound grew clearer. Then the regiment passed beneath our window; the rhythmical, echoing foot-beat, unrelieved by music, and the set faces, and the grim suggestion of war, and all war means. Then the sight and the sound died very slowly away; and the quiet place was as it was before.

The effect on the ladies was at first reassuring, but afterwards distinctly disquieting. I asked them if they felt frightened, and they said, "No." I told them there was nothing to be frightened at, yet I did not feel that I was telling the precise truth. One of them said:

"We're not frightened exactly, but then it isn't al-

together pleasant. I believe myself that there really is danger, but I don't know; everything's horribly uncertain. We all known that thousands of Filipinos here would like to kill us, and here we are entirely unprotected. We can't trust even the doors of our room on their hinges, or the bolts. Any Filipino could break in any of these doors. All the servants in the hotel are Filipinos, and we are entirely alone among all of them. We're waiting every minute for the sound of a rifle, and when it comes we'll know what it means."

The other lady said: "Oh! I don't think there's any danger at all. The Filipinos are afraid of the Americans and they'll never rise against them. They'll talk and bluster, but they'll never really try to fight them."

"Yes," said the first speaker, "perhaps their leaders wouldn't want them to, but suppose that any Filipino along this line of intrenchments gets into a fight with an American soldier and fires his musket at him; don't you suppose that both lines will be in battle in less than five minutes; and do you imagine the thousands of Filipinos in Manila are going to do nothing when that happens? Now I don't like to say that I'm afraid, but sometimes I wake in the night and think I hear a noise in the hotel and a rifle shot. I tell you it's awful."

I had a feeling, not unpleasant, that these ladies

liked to have me there; that my uniform gave them a feeling of protection, though I knew that I was just as helpless as they, for I had not even a penknife as a weapon. I said that I thought there was no real danger, at least for the present, but that I felt sure that there would be danger in time, and that I thought they ought to leave Manila as soon as they could. Then we went down to the plaza to shake off the nervous feeling that had taken possession of us, and enjoyed the beauty and quiet of the scene. When I walked back with them to the door of the hotel and bade them good-night, and the door of the hotel closed after them, I felt that they were going into danger.

I got a carriage, and drove through the moonlit streets. I told the driver to go slowly, for it was an intense pleasure to watch the moonlight, and the shadows, on the streets, and on the buildings, and the churches, and to imagine to myself the dark plots going on beneath those roofs that now looked so very white and peaceful; and then imagine what would happen if one rifle shot rang out.

I soon got abreast of where the Monadnock lay, to a place where there were Filipino boats. But I could not find any Filipino boatmen. This gave me an unpleasant feeling, but I walked about and soon found a sentry. I told him my plight, and he called for the corporal of the guard. The corporal

said: "All right, sir; I'll find you a couple of men." He went away in the darkness and soon came back with two Filipinos, and they took me down to a canoe. On the beach the corporal said to me quietly:

"Are you armed, sir?"

"No, I haven't a thing."

"Well, I wouldn't trust these fellows, sir; perhaps you'd better pretend that you are armed."

The Filipinos motioned me to get into the bow of the canoe, but I said: "No, I'll sit in the stern," for I had no desire to have one of them hit me over the head from behind with his paddle. So I sat down in the stern and made them sit forward with their backs to me, and I let them see that I had my hand behind my right hip, as if I had a revolver.

The Monadnock lay about three-quarters of a mile from the beach, and I could see her low, black hull, and her turrets, and her military mast, grimly outlined against the sky. She seemed powerful and awful in the night; and when I got on board, I took pleasure in fancying that I was entering into the welcome protection of some benignant monster.

CHAPTER XIII

A War of Subjugation

THE next day was very dull during daylight; but about eight o'clock in the evening, while several of us were standing on the bridge, trying to get what little air there was, watching the lights and the vaguely outlined buildings of the quiet city, suddenly and clearly came the crack of that rifle shot.

The first sound came from the north, but almost instantly it encircled the entire city. We looked at each other, and some one said: "That's it." Then we listened to the rattle of the rifles; and the rattle kept increasing. Sometimes we could see flashes not very far away.

We sounded the electric alarm, and went to general quarters, and turned on our searchlights. We got up ammunition and loaded the guns, and went to our stations for battle. We swept the beach with our searchlights near Fort San Antonio. But we could see no signs of attack there from either side, and no boats; nothing but the smooth water, and the fish stakes, and the sharp angles of the fort.

We waited in keen and almost silent watchfulness for an hour, but nothing happened. The sound of firing finally lessened, and then McCrackin decided that there was nothing more that we could do just then. So most of the men were allowed to turn in, but a large force was kept on deck armed. The engines were kept ready to move at a moment's notice, and all preparations were continued for battle.

We turned in that night with heavy hearts. We knew that the war that Dewey had worked so hard for many months to prevent had now actually begun. And we knew what war meant. We knew it meant long marches under a tropical sun, and privations, and wounds, and thirst and fever. We knew it meant death by sickness and by battle, and the life-long heart-ache afterwards of many left behind. We knew it meant the estrangement, that many years could not heal, between two brave and earnest peoples, one strong, the other weak, one highly civilized, the other just emerging from the semi-barbarous state. We knew that the war had been brought on by leaders who had misled the Filipinos with promises of "independence," and untrue statements about the intentions of the United States; and we felt that their work of misleading had been made easy by a few untrained soldiers, who had alienated the friendly Filipinos by treating them as "niggers;" and who, though wholly ignorant of every kind of people, ex-

cept those in their own country, and nevertheless disregarded all Dewey's knowledge of the Filipinos, and his life-long experience with foreign peoples, and had spoiled the scheme which he had so intelligently planned, and which was in healthy operation when they came.

The next day, Sunday, the fight began in earnest all around Manila. The American army at once showed the difference that existed between the American idea of fighting and the Spanish idea of fighting. I mean that the American army at once prepared to advance and in all directions. All the troops stationed in the southern part of Manila, where the Monadnock lay, occupied at once the line of intrenchments that ran from Fort San Antonio east to Block House No. 14, facing the Filipino intrenchments on the other side of the little river.

The duty of the Monadnock was to support Fort San Antonio, and shell the ground south of her, over which the American troops were to advance. We were within musket range of the insurgents, and we could plainly see the white hats which they foolishly wore. In the forenoon and the early part of the afternoon, they fired a good deal at the Monadnock, but only two of our men were hit. One of them got a very curious wound. He was standing at the forward hatch, facing aft, with his head turned down on the left side. A Mauser bullet, coming down, entered

his right cheek, passed through his jaw on the right side, went under his tongue, under his jaw on the left side, through his neck, entered his left shoulder behind his collar bone, and finally lodged in the muscles behind his shoulder, whence Surgeon Steele extracted it.

We found some difficulty in the Monadnock in reading the army's signals, and making sure we were firing right; and we feared, of course, firing into our own soldiers. So I asked the captain to let me go ashore, and see the officer in command on the fort, and arrange a system of signals, by which we would know how to fire. He gave me permission, and so I got into a steam launch, and had it tow a dinghy towards the beach. I did not steer directly towards the fort, because I knew that the right of the Filipino line went northeast, parallel to the American line beyond Block House No. 14, and that they were firing towards the west; so that if I went directly toward the fort, I should be in the line of fire, and in unnecessary danger of being hit. So I headed somewhat north of the fort, until the water began to shoal; then I got into the dinghy, and pulled in to the beach, until the keel touched bottom. Then I had two sailors carry me to the beach, for I had a new pair of white shoes on.

The beach was flat for about twenty feet back from the water, where it met a line of little sand hills about

three feet high. I told my two men to lie down and wait for me, and then I ran down the beach towards the fort. Pretty soon I heard bullets singing over my head, and then I crouched down and ran along, doubled up, behind the sand hills. I soon reached the northern wall of the fort. I ran along it, and in a few moments more ran into the gate.

I found the fort full of soldiers, with their muskets in their hands, and their belts on, but sitting or lying down. I found the commanding officer near a telegraph instrument. He had just received a report from somewhere. I do not remember exactly what the report was, but I remember that part of it was that "the barefoots were running in all directions." This news was given to the men in the fort and they received it very quietly.

After arranging a simple system of signals with the commanding officer about how the Monadnock was to fire I went up on the parapet. It was rather exciting there, because bullets from Filipino sharpshooters using smokeless powder were coming over fast, and one could only hear the singing of the bullets, without seeing any smoke; so I stuck my head cautiously over the top of the parapet, and there, looking to the east, I could see our line of intrenchments running eastward to Block House 14. Our men were lying down behind them, but some of the officers were on horseback. They were just prepar-

ing to make an advance, and so I stayed there awhile, watching them. In a few moments, I heard a dull, shuffling noise in the fort; and, looking behind me, I saw the men in the fort slowly and gravely falling in. I was surprised to see the quietness with which they did it. There was no apparent enthusiasm and no bravado, but instead a determined calmness. They were all volunteers. Nine-tenths of them had never heard a bullet whistle before today. They were ordered to advance toward an enemy of whom they knew nothing except that they were brave and cruel. They did not know how many there were, but they knew that there might be a very great many. I saw these men march out of the fort, and fall in line outside the fort, in line with the intrenchments. They walked out steadily, with fixed faces; some very pale.

I saw it was time for me to get back to my ship, so I ran to my boat, and I was quickly towed to the Monadnock. I had scarcely reached her, when the army signalled that they were ready to advance. Then the Monadnock steamed slowly towards the south, firing her ten-inch and her four-inch guns and her various rapid-fire guns, ahead of the American advancing line, whose right rested on the beach, and was marked by a red flag. By watching this red flag, we were able to tell how far the line had advanced.

The land into which the army marched was thick-

ly wooded and had been full of insurgents. Before we began to fire we could see a long line of straw hats over the Filipino intrenchments facing the north, but they quickly disappeared after the Monadnock began to fire. The light bullets of our soldiers were very ineffective against the deep, thick underbrush and the trees; but the five hundred pound shell of the Monadnock crashed through them; and we heard afterwards that most of the damage done was done by her guns, and that her ten-inch shells did more good in driving the enemy back than anything else. Her fire was so effective, in fact, that our soldiers found much less resistance than they expected, and that night got as far as Pasai. But there was great loss of life on both sides. In one spot near Block House No. 14 there were found twelve American soldiers killed and forty-one wounded. The Monadnock and the Charleston took up positions abreast of Pasai as supports; and all that night there was much signalling from the shore to us and from us to the flagship.

The fire of the Monadnock's guns that day was extremely accurate, and this was due principally to the telescope sights with which the guns were fitted. This was my first opportunity to observe their usefulness in war, and I felt a pride, which I think may be pardoned, in seeing my invention work so well; my despised invention, long condemned by the navy

and by naval officers, for whose sake I had endured those years of misunderstanding that, I hope, none but inventors ever know.

The next two or three days were quiet in the Monadnock, for the Americans had driven back all the insurgents, and everything seemed to be quiet in the vicinity. But about a week after, we heard the sound of firing from near Cavite, and saw volumes of flame and smoke rising. We found afterwards that the town of San Roque, which was near Cavite, had been occupied by insurgents, that they had received notice from the American authorities to leave before a certain time, and that, before that time, they had set fire to all the houses; and the houses burned like kindling wood. The Buffalo and Manila then shelled the place, and drove the insurgents out, and then our troops advanced from Cavite and took possession. We of the Monadnock did not attach much importance to this incident at the time; but we attached more importance to it later, when we found that all our laundry had been in process of washing in San Roque, and had been burnt up with the town.

About the eighth, the Monadnock was ordered to leave her station near Pasai, which was now occupied by the right wing of the American troops south of Manila, and go close in to Boca de Vitas, which was occupied by the left wing of the American troops

north of Manila. We understood that the insurgents had been driven far south from Manila, but that they had moved in large numbers around the city till they got north of it, that our army was to advance towards them, and try to drive them back, and that the Monadnock was to support its left flank. The Monadnock, on account of her shallow draught, could go in closer to the beach than any of our other ships, except the Monterey, which was station ship at Cavite, and it was for this reason that the Monadnock had been chosen to do this work.

We took a position one evening abreast the town of Tondo. The next morning we could not see any soldiers or any sign of military activity, but we saw an extraordinary procession of people walking hurriedly north along the beach, and then disappearing behind trees, by a road abreast of our ships, that seemed to recede from the beach, but still seemed to go towards the north. These people were Filipino men, women and children, but mostly women and children. With their bright colored dresses and quick movements, they made a picturesque appearance, and one might imagine that this was some gala day. But if one looked at the people through a telescope, he would see that every one was carrying something. They came directly out of the town of Tondo, but some of them, we found afterwards, had come from Binondo, which was about a mile farther

south, and all of them were simply abandoning their homes. They were in fear of bombardment and all the other dangers of war, civilized and barbarous, and they were going away and taking all the household goods they could. This exodus lasted for three days, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, and a sadder sight I never saw. Then the Filipinos burnt the town of Tondo to the ground, all of its inhabitants having fled.

During the few days that had now gone by since the breaking out of the insurrection, we had often wondered what had become of the ladies who had been in the Hotel de Oriente. We found about this time that when the first rifle shot sounded through the city, between eight and nine o'clock, they recognized instantly what it meant, and acted with composure, although they were dreadfully frightened. They did not, and could not, know how many Filipinos in Manila would rise, or how well armed they might be, or what sort of plans the Filipinos might have made; so they had simply to look forward to what Fate might have in store for them, without being able to influence her very much. But in ten minutes, an officer appeared at the hotel, saying that he had come to tell the ladies that he had a platoon of soldiers there and some carriages, and to ask them to come down and get into the carriages; the soldiers would escort them to the office of the Captain of the Port, which was

situated near the mouth of the Pasig river.

The ladies had been living for days in expectation of some quick turn of affairs, and it took them a very short time to put their important belongings together, and get into the carriages. The consequence was that in an hour after the first rifle shot, all had been escorted in safety to the office of the Captain of the Port, and there put into boats that were ready, and taken on board a transport. There they found rooms prepared for them. It was an anxious night they spent on board the transport and an anxious day thereafter; but they were safe on board, and their only anxiety was for their husbands, fathers or brothers, some of whom were in the navy ships, and some were in the trenches. From the deck of the transport they could see the firing of the navy ships, and hear the sound of musketry on shore, and form some idea of how the day was going. Although the time was exciting and anxious for them, they beheld a spectacle of much grandeur which they will never forget.

About this time we received a large mail from the United States and a great many newspapers. We smiled as we read the long and able articles with which they all were filled, proving that "the peaceful solution of the Philippine question" was at hand.

For the next three weeks, the Monadnock did a lot of small firing, and a good deal of watching the army's operations on the shore. One day was very

much like another. I recall one day, for what reason I do not know, for its incidents were much like those of other days. We were ordered to be ready at early daylight, as the army was to advance, and we were to render them what assistance we could. The firing began right abreast of us about seven o'clock. We had gone somewhat beyond Boca de Vitas and were abreast of Malabon. The firing began suddenly and it kept up with vigor on both sides for a long time; neither side seemed to be able to get a foot of ground. We could not see a thing except the smoke, though the fighting was not far back from the beach, because there was so much underbrush. Sometimes it seemed as if our troops must be falling back, and then it seemed as if neither had moved. It was an anxious time. Our guns were loaded and our men were at quarters, and we stood ready to fire, but we dared not fire for fear of hitting our own troops. Some time about noon the firing began to move slowly towards the north, and it continued moving all the afternoon, and the Monadnock moved to the north and kept abreast of the firing. But sometimes the firing would stay in one place for a long time, when the Filipinos were making a good stand. Towards the latter part of the afternoon, the firing began to move very rapidly towards the north, and then more rapidly still. That night the army set fire to some buildings perhaps a mile inshore, and the red light thrown up

by the flames brought out in startling and seemingly unreal distinctness some tall trees, and a church dome, and some high hills.

I think it was this day that, as we were steaming slowly parallel to the shore, with guns loaded, a single Filipino, with his white shirt hanging outside of his trousers, as is customary with his people, was seen walking deliberately along the beach towards the north. We had been firing at some insurgent bodies that had appeared, and now we began to fire with a dozen guns at this man, who was perhaps fifteen hundred yards away. We saw little clouds of sand, and smoke, and flame rise all around him; but he did not turn around, or quicken his steps, or seek any shelter. The captain, admiring his nerve, gave the order to stop firing at him. When the firing had stopped, the Filipino turned around and gazed at the big monitor a minute; then he turned to the right and walked slowly over some low embankment, and disappeared.

We had been having some trouble in understanding the signals from the army telling us how to fire. They had now advanced to the town of Caloocan, but the distance from the Monadnock was so great that the flags could not be seen clearly, and altogether the signalling was not at all satisfactory. Captain Russell of the Signal Corps, recently from West Point, came on board and asked me if I could not

arrange some plan for signalling between the Monadnock and Caloocan by wireless telegraphy. He said that he had plenty of wire and batteries, and that he thought probably the Monadnock had some mechanics who could make the apparatus, which would be rather simple. He said that if I would furnish the knowledge and the mechanics, he would furnish the material, and the men to use the apparatus. We talked over the matter for a long while, but finally concluded that neither of us had the time to make the necessary experiments. I finally suggested to him that I should give him a chart which was like the one the ship used, and that both on this chart and the ship's chart I would mark the position of the ship and of the church at Caloocan, so that if the army, at any time, wished a shell landed at any point, night or day, all he, the signal captain, would have to do, would be to measure the distance and direction of that point from Caloocan, and signal it from Caloocan to the Monadnock. I would then mark that point on our chart, and measure its distance and direction from the Monadnock; and then we would simply fire at that point, as it was not necessary to see it. I told Russell that I could arrange, by means of spirit levels, that this could be done by night as well as by day, because the Monadnock hardly moved in the still water. We submitted this plan to the captain of the Monadnock; he ap-

proved it, and we used it successfully on several occasions afterwards.

A few days after that, while we were lying at about the same place, off Malabon, the quartermaster reported Admiral Dewey's barge coming that way. The admiral came alongside, and all the officers who were on the quarter deck at the time—and there happened to be several—stood at "attention" and saluted as he came on board. He had just received his promotion to the grade of admiral, and we stared with wide open eyes at the four stars and the anchor, which only two men in American history had ever worn before. He stepped on to the deck and as we saluted, he returned our salutes with a mixture of perfect official precision and good natured ease. He greeted each of us in turn, calling each by name, and then remarked that he would like to see the firing of the Monadnock from her bridge. At this time we were firing by the method I have just spoken of. He remained on the bridge two or three hours, watching the firing and the signalling, and was kind enough to say that he was pleased with the results.

While he was there, a signal requiring direct fire came from the army, "Please fire one ten-inch shell at the priest's house." This was a large building on the beach which we suspected of being occupied as a sort of headquarters by the insurgents. "Try

the forward turret, Nicols," said the admiral to the captain. The order was sent to that turret to fire at the priest's house, and Lieutenant Rogers, the turret officer, poked his head up out of the turret and asked the range. I remember he had white gloves on. I gave him the range. Rogers disappeared, and in a minute we on the bridge received a sudden jar underneath, very much like that which a man gets sometimes on horseback. There was a breeze that blew the smoke away quite rapidly, just in time for us to see a red flash directly in front of the priest's house, then the lifting up of the roof, and then its fall.

This was one of the few instances in which I have seen very much damage done by heavy gun fire to stone, brick or wooden buildings. Usually I have seen the shell go in and make a hole and simply go out again on the other side. We fired a number of times that afternoon at the "Priest's House," and hit it every time, but we did no further damage that we could see. But the admiral did not like the way the turret moved under its hydraulic power. He turned to me and said: "Look how that turret jumps, Fiske; we can turn turrets much better by electricity, can't we?" with a smile, knowing that I had been employed for a long time in trying to turn turrets by electricity, and that a successful trial had recently been made in the Brooklyn.

Admiral Dewey left the ships soon afterwards.

When about to go over the side, he faced around, and, with his hand at the visor of his cap in military salute, smilingly bade us good afternoon, looking each officer in the eyes, and making a courteous inclination of the head to each, as he did so.

The Helena arrived in Manila about the middle of February, and shortly after she relieved the Monadnock at Malabon. The Monadnock went back to her former station off Fort San Antonio, and stood by to go to Hong Kong to go into dry dock.

CHAPTER XIV

A Forenoon in Cavite

A DAY or two before we started to Hong Kong, a lady told me that she had heard there were some Igorrotes confined as prisoners at the arsenal, and that she wished she could go and see them, as well as the other things in the arsenal. So, the next morning, I took her to the arsenal, and showed her the old Spanish guns, and other curious things. Then we walked out of the main gate to the parade ground, which we found full of our troops, drilling. Fort San Felipe, where the prisoners of war were confined, was on our right; and we went in one of its gates cut through a high and thick stone wall. We found ourselves in a very large yard, in which were a few of our soldiers stationed as sentries, and several hundred Filipino prisoners. Some of them were dressed in the simple uniform of the Filipino army, a straw hat, a shirt, and a pair of trousers of a thin material with white and blue stripes. But many of them were not dressed in uniform, and had on merely a shirt and a pair of trousers, the shirt worn outside of the trousers, as is

the Filipino style. There were many women there, who had been allowed to come and see their friends, and most of them wore bright skirts and waists, but were bare-footed like the men.

We asked to see the Igorrotes. We had heard of them as being very fierce warriors, who wore large headgear and feathers, and who fought ferociously with spears, and clubs, and bows, and arrows. The sentry pointed to a group of little men, almost naked, and said: "Those are the Igorrotes." They looked stupid, and had no headgear except their own short black hair, and were very commonplace and disappointing in appearance. They belonged to a tribe that the Tagals, the dominant tribe of the Philippines, had forced to fight with them against the Americans.

The Filipinos in the yard seemed to be in very good spirits and very good condition, and to be much interested in the cooking going on in several parts of their prison; and it occurred to us that perhaps they were extremely glad to be in a safe place, and to have plenty to eat and no work, instead of marching from place to place in the heat and the mud, always in danger, with a great deal of drilling to do, and very little to eat.

After satisfying our curiosity about the Filipino prisoners and the Igorrotes, my companion and I walked to the quarters formerly occupied by the Span-

ish commandant of the fort and his family. We found it a very comfortable house, situated on a high hill; and a very good view could be got from its piazza of Manila bay and city. The house was in a good deal of disorder, and on the ground floor I picked up three things. I gave two of them to my companion and I kept the other. One was a Spanish prayer book, another was a pair of ladies' stockings that seemed to be new, and the other was a very pretty lace handkerchief.

Looking over on one side from the second story, we saw a dark passageway. We went along it, and finally came to a flight of stone steps. We went down these, and after perhaps fifteen or twenty steps, came to an opening in the stone wall about the size of an ordinary window; and looking through this we saw that it opened into a kind of a little chapel. The dark stairway descended still farther, winding a little, and we went down it. It brought us to a plot of ground perhaps about thirty feet square, enclosed by very high walls; and, in it, near one of the walls, was a well that looked very nasty. What this well was intended for I have never heard. The ground was covered with damp coarse grass and the place was far from being attractive; so we retraced our steps, going back up the winding, dark, stone steps, enclosed by solid, damp walls.

We felt relieved, when we got up into the fresh

air again, but in a few minutes we started on another tour of inspection; and we soon came to a curious stone structure that seemed to have no entrance, except through a hole about two feet square at the top. I looked down this, but could see nothing except the space enclosed by the wall, the top, and the bottom, which was perhaps twenty feet square. The locality was damp and half dark, and suggested dungeons and other unpleasant things, so we walked out into the fresh air and out on the parade ground. My companion was tired now and a little unnerved; and seeing a beautiful church on the opposite side, she suggested that we go in and sit down. The idea seemed pleasant of resting in the yellow light of ecclesiastical windows, after our contact with a dungeon; and so we turned, as many people in all ages have turned, to the church. But just as we were about to enter, we heard running footsteps behind us. In a moment a young officer, almost out of breath, overtook us, and called out:

"For God's sake, don't go in there; that's the smallpox hospital!"

CHAPTER XV

In a Monitor at Sea

THE next morning we got underway for Hong Kong, looking forward with delight to a change of air and scenery. We steamed down near the flagship, and some of us got into a boat and went on board for physical examination for promotion. The surgeons got through this pretty soon, and about five o'clock the Monadnock steamed toward the opening of Manila Bay.

Although we were very glad to go to Hong Kong, where we should find pleasant things and civilized life, we looked forward to the trip with no pleasure. Most of us had never been at sea in a monitor, and we knew that the northeast monsoon, which had made it so unpleasant for the Petrel, was still blowing; and that beyond the graceful curves of Corregidor Island, and the smooth water that surrounded it, the ocean was extremely rough. Most of us had never been at sea in a monitor, and we did not trust monitors very much. The admiral had told Captain Nichols that he would send another ship to convoy

the Monadnock, but the captain was far from being a timid man and he had asked the admiral not to do that, but to let the Monadnock go alone.

I cannot say that any of us were really anxious about the result of the trip, but I think we all felt that we should be glad when it was over.

We steamed out of the bay about eight o'clock, and I went up on the bridge and stayed there for a while, and watched the small waves dash against the side of the Monadnock, and then roll gently across the deck in the moonlight. It was a very pretty sight, and I stayed there a long while, watching the breaking up of the water by the massive monitor, that some people said was like a raft and other people said was like a flatiron.

The next day the water began to get rough gradually, and we knew that we were getting towards the place where the large waves were. During the next night the Monadnock began to roll with the quick, regular, pendulum-like motion of the monitor, and we knew that the next day we should be in a heavy sea.

The next morning it was raining heavily, and I awoke to hear the sound of water falling on the superstructure over my head. I could hear it rush down to the port side, when the ship rolled to port, and then rush down to the starboard side when the ship rolled to starboard. I looked out of my port-hole

and saw, higher than my head, the white tops of waves.

I knew that there was no chance of my getting an observation of the sun, because the sky was covered with clouds, and so I did not hurry to get on deck; but finally I went up there. Werlich was officer of the deck, and he looked so big and handsome in his yellow oilskin suit, that it was a pleasure to be near him. We stood on the weather side of the bridge, and watched the waves. The wind and the waves were coming from the starboard side, and a little from forward. The bridge was perhaps twenty feet above the hull of the monitor, and ten feet above the superstructure, and it was supported by a number of iron braces. I remember I said to myself, as I climbed the ladder leading to the bridge, that it looked like a very flimsy bridge, with those enormous waves behind it as a background.

When the Petrel was out in this same kind of sea, she had acted like a little horse in a canter; and whenever an enormous wave seemed about to engulf her, she would rise, as if jumping over it. But the Monadnock acted more like a plough than like a horse. She seemed to poke her steel nose down into the water, and she would not rise at all. The Petrel's bow was high and buoyant; so that the effect of a wave rising under her bow was to lift it; but the Monadnock's bow was only about two feet above

smooth water, so that when a large wave came, it simply fell on the bow, and pressed it down, instead of lifting it up. The sight of this to persons not used to it, was awful in the real sense of the word—the sight of this big steel monster, forced along by powerful engines through waves that tried to sink it.

It is the idea of many people that the waves of the ocean are simply water that is undulating, and that has no forward motion as a mass; whereas it has real forward motion, as well as up and down motion. Let any one blow on the surface of water in a basin, and he will see that, not only does the water form in little waves, but the water on top is shoved along by the force of his breath. Water has weight and mass as well as any other matter has; and, when moving, it has momentum and energy; so that when it strikes anything, it exerts force against it. Now, in the case of waves coming towards a ship, and the ship advancing towards them, not only do the ship and the waves collide, but, when the bottom of a wave strikes a low ship like the Monadnock, the bottom of the wave is forced to stop, while the top of the wave keeps on moving just as before; and it rushes along the deck with great speed and power.

When the steel turret of the Monadnock received the impact of heavy waves at times that morning, it did not seem to us that the turret could stand it. But

the spectacular effect was fine. I do not exaggerate when I say that sometimes the waves on the forecastle were ten feet high. Right under our eyes we could see the circular top of the turret, but the rest of the turret was shrouded by thick white waves of water in violent ebullition.

We were looking down at this spectacle, and commenting to each other on its beauty, when Werlich suddenly cried "Look out!" I looked and saw an enormous wave strike the superstructure below the bridge; and then it seemed to me to rise into the air. Werlich and I turned our backs quickly, and caught hold of the heavy brass railing that ran along the after end of the bridge. Just then the Monadnock gave a roll down to port, and at the same instant we received a violent blow on the back.

I felt the railing yield, and I wondered helplessly whether I should be thrown down on the hard, steel deck, or down into the sea; but it was all over in a few seconds, and we straightened ourselves up. We saw that the railing of the bridge against which we had been pushed had been bent. Werlich laughed outright and cried: "Isn't this splendid?" but I said, "No, I don't think it is."

All that day we rolled monotonously from side to side. In an ordinary ship, in a gale, the motion is uneven: the ship will pitch, then roll, and then do both at once; then there will be a jar, and the ship

will shake; then she will make a few heavy rolls; then there will be a lull; then she will do the same things all over again. The motion is fantastic, and one finds himself guessing all the time what is going to happen. But in the monitor, we rolled down to starboard, down to port; down to starboard, down to port, with the regularity of the pendulum of a clock; and it was exasperating beyond words.

That night, perhaps about nine o'clock, I went up on the bridge to see how the forecastle looked at night under the waves. I watched the white, restless mass, now shallow, now deep, rush along the deck right at the turret, as if it would sweep the turret off the deck. I saw it break against the calm mass of steel, then rise high into the air; right under me on the port end of the bridge, this water would roll off into the sea. I kept looking at this, until my nerves got into a tingle. Suddenly a voice whispered into my ear:

"Did you ever feel like committing murder?"

I looked to the right, and saw a man standing close by me, with his bright eyes on mine. My whole body felt like cold jelly; but I managed to reply:

"No, I never did."

"Well, I have; and what's more, I feel like it now; right now."

It occurred to me that the man must be insane, and I had read that the worst thing to do with an insane

man is to seem to be afraid of him. So I pulled myself together with a violent effort and said:

"Do you feel like killing any one in particular, or do you want to kill just anybody?"

"I don't care who it is; but I've got to kill some one. I must do it; that's all."

I saw that I was helpless, for it would be very easy for a maniac, as this man seemed to be, to pitch me off the bridge into the water; and it was useless to call for help in that loud wind. I said:

"I shouldn't think there'd be much fun in that."

He stared at me, and a crumpled piece of paper dropped out of his hand. The bridge where he stood was curtained with canvas, so the wind did not blow the paper away. It suddenly occurred to me that the quickest way to impress this man would be by pretending that I had perfect confidence in him. So I leaned down, putting myself frankly at his mercy, and picked up the paper, and handed it to him, saying:

"You didn't seem to notice that you dropped this."

He looked into my eyes for so long a time that I could hardly bear it; then he turned his back quickly, and walked off. As soon as I saw the way clear, I ran down the ladder that led from the bridge, and staggered along the unsteady deck and down the unsteady ladder to my room, and locked the door. That night I slept with my door locked.

We did not get to Hong Kong until the 15th. This

miserable trip lasted six days. But on the afternoon of the 15th we steamed in between the mountains that line the entrance to Hong Kong; and the next day we went into dry dock.

The change from the depressing climate of Manila to the healthful climate of Hong Kong was delightful; and so was the change from shooting Filipinos to talking with ladies in their pretty robes.

One afternoon I walked on the Plantation Road. The air was fresh and vivifying, and sent a strange stimulation through the blood. There was an element in the breeze that entered into the lungs, and made life sweet to live.

One warm evening, I dined at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Bolles, high up the mountainside, and after dinner we sat on the piazza; and the soft music, and the tropical foliage, and the graceful costumes of the ladies imparted a dreamy, enervating, luxurious feeling. Then I got into my chair, which had one long pole on each side, and the chair was picked up by four coolies. Then I had a long, slow, swinging ride down the steep curving pathway, amid trees and shrubbery of all kinds, and I could almost feel the moonlight coming down on me through the leaves; while below, I could see, through the trees and the leaves, the countless lights of the city, and, farther out, the lights of ships at anchor in the bay.

The next afternoon, the ship's cook acted strange-

ly; but he did not seem to be intoxicated. As the surgeon was on shore, our chief medical adviser was the apothecary, and I had him investigate the case. He reported that the man was crazy, and that it would be rather severe to put him in irons; that, in fact, it might make him worse; and he added that he could give the cook a drug that would make him quiet. He gave him the drug, and then I had the cook put into the galley, or ship's kitchen, and had the doors locked on him, the master-at-arms first taking away all such things as knives, with which he could harm himself. About ten o'clock, I was standing alone on the after end of the quarter-deck, when suddenly I saw rushing towards me the cook, practically naked, waving in his hand a big iron fork, about two feet long, that he used for handling the meat when he was making soup. He did not seem to see me; but he began running about near me, brandishing the fork, which was heavy enough to kill a man, and executing a kind of clumsy dance. Fortunately, the master-at-arms discovered his escape in a few minutes, and he, with several others, came running aft, and quickly overpowered him. The cook made a frantic resistance; but when I ordered the master-at-arms to put him in irons, and chain him to the deck, he collapsed and began to weep. His insanity was cured from that hour.

The trip back to Manila was as pleasant as the

trip to Hong Kong had been unpleasant. The ocean was just rough enough to give "the old flat-iron" an easy motion, and to make beautiful effects of torrent and waterfall, as the white sea rushed along her decks and overboard.

We anchored on Saturday evening, not far from the flagship, about dusk. We did not get much news; but we learned that there had been little fighting done by the Army, and none by the Navy, during our absence of fifteen days. It seemed to be the general belief that the Filipinos had been driven back so far, that their forces were quite separated, and that they had come to see that the United States forces were so much stronger than they, that they might as well yield at once. Some thought that Aguinaldo saw that if he yielded to the United States now, he could get better terms than he could get later; and many prophesied that all Filipino opposition would cease in a very short time.

CHAPTER XVI

More War

THE next day, about noon, I was writing to my mother, and telling her that I did not think that there would be any more war, when the orderly came to me and said:

"Sir, the Captain wishes to see you."

I went to the cabin, and the Captain told me that he had just received orders to go down at once to a position off the town of Paranaque, about four miles south of where we were. He said the Admiral had received information that the Filipinos who had been driven south by the Army from their intrenchments in front of Fort San Antonio had assembled at Paranaque, in number about five thousand, facing our forces at Pasai, which were much inferior in numbers. The Monadnock was to go to Paranaque and try to drive the insurgents out. The insurgents were said to be armed with the most modern rifles, and to have smokeless powder and several field pieces.

So I was to go into battle again, after writing that

I was not; and the curious part of it was, that the day was Sunday, while the battle of the 1st of May had been on Sunday, and so had the battle of the 5th of February.

We cleared ship for action; and at three o'clock we weighed anchor, and steamed slowly south towards Paranaque. We looked forward to this adventure with much interest, for we did not know what we should meet; but we felt proud that the old Monadnock was still to hold her position as the fighting ship. All during the Filipino war, she had been the only ship that had done any fighting at all.

We steamed slowly to Paranaque, this bright, hot, Sunday afternoon, and then stopped abreast of the town motionless. The water was flat, and there was almost no breeze. For awhile there was not a sound. Several of us were on the bridge. The men at the ten-inch guns in the turrets, and at the other guns in the fighting tops and on the superstructure, were at their stations, their nerves at battle tension; and they were kept waiting, waiting. This condition lasted for several minutes; it was very trying to the patience. Suddenly, there broke out a tremendous rattle of musketry, and the booming of field guns; and we heard the singing of bullets, and the whirring of heavier projectiles in the air, and the *ping, ping, ping,* as they fell into the water. Instantly, the Monadnock struck out with her four ten-inch

guns, and her four-inch guns, and all her rapid firers, —and quivered in every part. The noise and concussion were tremendous. The bridge shook under us as if it would shake to pieces. In ten seconds, smoke was all around us, and there was not breeze enough to carry it away, and while we heard the sound of projectiles passing through the air, and falling into the water, we could see nothing. "Cease firing," sounded the bugle; then "Commence firing," when the smoke had cleared away; then "Cease firing," when the smoke thickened, and so on. Finally, I noticed that what breeze there was, was coming from aft; and as most of the guns were abaft us, the breeze was blowing the smoke on to us; so I suggested to the Captain that I go aft on the quarter deck, where I thought there would be but little smoke, and send word to him of what was happening. He consented, and I ran down the ladder to the deck, then down, then along the armor passage below the water, and then aft until I reached the ladder that went up to the quarter deck. I went up this ladder which came through an opening in the deck. All around the opening was a steel coaming, or wall, about three feet high. I stepped out on the quarter deck and began to look toward Paranaque, when suddenly I felt myself pulled down violently behind the coaming. The pull was so sudden that it brought me to my knees. I was under considera-

ble tension, and the sudden shock almost unnerved me; but I soon saw I was among several men who were crouching for safety in this place, and that the intention toward me was friendly, for one of them said:

"Don't stand out there, sir, it's no use."

I got up and stepped outside, but I soon concluded that I could see just as well from behind the coaming. So I got behind it, and stood there with only my head exposed. The whole look of the scene on the shore had changed. We had seen a beautiful picture of a bright Sunday afternoon in a Spanish town, with its characteristic background of a noble church. Now there was not a person in sight. Three buildings were on fire, the church had a big ugly hole near the bell tower, our projectiles were striking the beach in great numbers, and heavy clouds of dust, smoke and flame were over everything.

I sent a messenger to the Captain, to say that the insurgent fire was very light now, and to recommend that he stop firing long enough to let the smoke clear away thoroughly, so that our gun captains could get a fresh start. He did this; and for two hours we fired very deliberately, aiming principally at the intrenchments; but knowing the tendency of soldiers of the Latin race to get inside of churches, we fired several ten-inch shots at the church.

It was extraordinary to see how little damage the

ten-inch shell did, for the church was only sixteen hundred yards away, and I saw several ten-inch shells weighing five hundred pounds go almost in the front door and explode, and several hit the masonry; yet we could not see, when we had finished, that we had done very much damage to the church. We found afterwards that our fire had driven the insurgents back from the beach, but we heard the most contradictory stories about what loss of life we had inflicted. Some accounts put the loss of life very high and other accounts very low; but the damage done to other things than people was certainly very small. This gave me another lesson regarding the small effect of ship-fire against cities. Our fire had been overwhelming against the town, and yet we had done no military damage, beyond driving back from the beach a few thousand men. We had not made them surrender, and we had not received any offers of money if we would cease bombarding. All we had done was to drive a few thousand people back from the beach.

We stayed at this place for two months afterwards, but we never thought of attempting to make a landing. We knew that the insurgents were near, back somewhere in the underbrush, and that it would be a very foolish thing to attempt to land in boats. A very few men, lying down in the underbrush, could wait for our open boats to get near the

beach, and then kill all hands. The Monadnock could not do much to drive them away, because they would be too close to our own men.

This was the idea I had in mind when I said, some time before in these papers, that our Army could not have landed in Manila, if the insurgents had not already surrounded Manila, and if Spaniards had been determined to resist.

The week following our little battle at Paranaque was excessively uncomfortable. The awnings were kept below, and fires were kept lighted in the furnaces, which were under the wardroom. The consequence was that we were baked with the heat all the time. If we went out on deck, we were smitten with the direct rays of the sun, with no breeze; and if we went into our quarters, we were in a temperature of ninety-three, day and night. The insurgents kept coming back towards the ship in small groups, firing at us, and then running away. This was extremely annoying, for a man never felt like going out on deck, because he knew he might get hit. We fired a great deal more than they did because we fired at a Filipino whenever we saw one. There seemed to be a field piece about a quarter of a mile north of the church and we fired at this quite frequently. We could see the insurgents gathered around it at intervals, but we could not tell whether they were working at the gun, or simply strengthen-

ing their intrenchments.

One afternoon, we saw about a dozen Filipinos working there. We got a four-inch gun ready, measured the distance by the chart, pointed the gun very carefully by the telescope sight, and fired. The instant before the gun fired, we saw the insurgents plainly; a moment after, we saw a cloud of blue smoke exactly where the insurgents had been. The small cloud of smoke showed that the shell, which weighed thirty pounds, had exploded, and hurled its fragments in all directions. No insurgents were to be seen, and no more were ever seen there afterwards.

The Captain sent around the fleet to find the best telescope, because it was necessary for us to examine the intrenchments continually, to see what the insurgents were doing. No glasses better than ours could be found, however, and so the Captain arranged a tripod for one on the quarter deck; and every day, for two months, he spent nearly all his time in daylight at it, watching the intrenchments on the shore.

One morning in taking his first look at the beach through the telescope, the Captain saw a Filipino sitting on a bench near the path in front of the church. He seemed so defiant, that one of the officers asked permission to shoot at him with a six-pounder.

"You may try one shot," said the Captain, "but dont' hit him; just scare him a little." So we fired

one shell, and it struck a few feet from the man; but the man remained firm in his seat, as we could see through the telescope.

"Try one more," said the Captain.

The next shot came closer; but the Filipino held his ground. Two more shots were fired, with the same result.

"Try to hit him," ordered the Captain, who, like the rest of us, was getting interested, and a little vexed.

Away went several more shots, but without disturbing the Filipino's extraordinary nerve.

"Shouldn't be surprised if that was a dummy," said some one. So I got two telescopes and arranged their lenses so as to produce a telescope of considerable magnification; it showed a most dilapidated dummy sitting on a bench.

He sat there for a month, but we did not shoot at him any more.

The two months from the last of March to the last of May were the most uncomfortable I have ever had in my life. I spent five months once in the Bering Sea, and they were stupid enough; but to be kept in a monitor with a temperature of 93 degrees day and night, with mail only once in three weeks, and that a month and a half old; to be shot at every once in awhile, and never to know when one would be hit, and never to have any amusement or excitement

at all, was far from jolly. The days were glary, and the nights oppressive. Sleep was almost impossible in our rooms, even with electric fans blowing on our naked bodies; and so, most of us slept on deck. We of the wardroom put our mattresses on the quarter deck, and slept there as best we could.

Our patrol tug was kept ready all the time, and every night it would be sent out to capture Filipinos passing in boats; and I can look back on many nights, when I would be dimly conscious of several Filipinos lined up on deck, while their belongings were being taken out of their canoes, and spread out to be examined. Sometimes we would sit up and watch the proceedings, but after awhile they became very uninteresting. Of course, we had to seize contraband of war, but we could not help feeling sorry sometimes, when we had to take away the property of poor women. In only one case did I see a Filipino show anything but self-possession, when this was done. In this one case, a woman cried. Usually, they were allowed to go, when certain things had been taken from them, and then they would get into their canoes, and paddle away. The curious part of it was, that they did not seem to have the slightest ill feeling against us. They seemed to know that we were not doing it of our own will, but as a part of the war; and in many cases they would turn around and smile at us, as they paddled off.

One morning Morton and I were taking our regular swim, when Morton sang out:

"Sounds to me like a bullet."

"Me, too," I said.

We then noticed that a number of bullets were falling near us, and so we got out of the water and ran to our quarters. We ran past one man, who was struck exactly in the knee joint. The Surgeon said the man would never have a good leg again.

All this time the Filipino bumboat women used to come on board about half-past seven every morning, and sell fruit to the men. Morton seemed to arouse the liking of one of these women, a young and rather pretty woman; and when we came out of the water from our morning swim, she would offer him an orange, or some other fruit, but she never offered me anything.

After two months of miserable life, spent in heat and desultory fighting, unrelieved by any pleasure or excitement, I was delighted to receive orders to join the Yorktown at Ilo-Ilo as First Lieutenant.

CHAPTER XVII

Cruising in the Yorktown

THE day before I left the Monadnock, the chief master-at-arms and the chief boatswain's mate were taken sick. Surgeon Decker thought at first that the disease might be heat prostration, but there were some features that were not like heat prostration, but more like paralysis. He then thought the trouble might be due to poison from wood alcohol; but there was not the slightest smell of alcohol about either man, and both declared that they had not drunk any alcohol. It was decided to send them to the hospital at Cavite. I saw the master-at-arms walk aft to be put into the steam launch, and he appeared the same as ever, unless one looked at him carefully. He was a very handsome man, and as he walked aft that morning he had a good color, and his eyes looked bright; but they stared vacantly in front of him, and his legs moved like stilts. When he got to the tug, his legs had to be lifted over the side, one by one. He died at one o'clock, and his body at once gave off the odor of wood alcohol. The chief boatswain's mate died the following afternoon in the same way.

I left Manila about one o'clock on the 31st of

May, in the tiny gun-boat "Samar," one of thirteen bought from Spain after the war. It was commanded by Ensign McFarland. We steamed out of the bay, and headed towards the south. The afternoon was beautiful; and when we got outside, and met the pleasant southern breeze, and the gunboat began to move about a little in a graceful way, I cannot tell the feeling of happiness I had. At last, I was away from the oven in which I had been baked for two months; I was going to a new experience; I was going to a real ship, not a monitor, and I was to be executive officer, the second in command.

That evening, at six o'clock, three of us had our dinner on the quarterdeck, and I found that I had a natural appetite. I found that I felt alive, and wanted to do things. Then I realized how baked and worn out I had become in the Monadnock. I slept delightfully on deck that night; and we spent the next morning in steaming swiftly through the beautiful straits and bays of the Philippines. On one green islet, we saw a native leaning on his spear, surrounded by his family, just outside the door of his little home. He seemed as independent and prosperous as any man, and to have on his fertile islet, always under a summer sky, everything that a man needs to make him happy.

We passed high mountains and ran close by the shore in deep water, and went by little villages; al-

ways in smooth water, always pleasantly. My recollection of that day is of a vague panorama of pictures succeeding each other—pictures of the water, sky, mountains, clouds and islands, with an occasional village and an occasional native boat. With the perfect freedom from responsibility, and the grateful release from the prison of the Monadnock, this day seems to me to have been one of the happiest of my life. Yet as I looked at McFarland, I could not help a little feeling of bitterness, in seeing this young man so early in command of a vessel, when I compared with it the crushing hopelessness of the life that officers of my age had led for many years. We had spent the most aspiring years of our lives in the dullest, the most uninteresting, and the most useless duties, because they were done on board of obsolete ships that were a disgrace to the nation. We knew that at the end of the War of the Rebellion, we had had a fine Navy; and we knew that it had been necessary for Congress to keep that Navy up, just as much as it had been necessary for every city to keep its police force up. But Congress had not kept the Navy up; Congress had stamped the Navy down.

A Naval officer's life is hard enough at the best, with its separation from family and friends, and its months without mail; but a man can stand a good deal, if he knows he is doing useful work. During

the Civil War, not a single battle was fought under sail; and yet as soon as the war was over, the Navy was sent straight back to the obsolete sail period. During the four years that midshipmen of my date spent at the Naval Academy, and for many years after, three-quarters of the time was taken up with sails and spars. We had sense enough to know that it was wrong, but we had to do it just the same. The whole life, the whole system was damnable! But when I looked at this young man, in command of his ship, every faculty alert, I saw that a day of healthful ambition was dawning for the Navy.

I found the duties of executive officer quite different from those of watch officer, or navigator. As watch officer, one has to do duty for four hours at a time, and then is off duty a definite length of time. As navigator, one has to do duty whenever there is duty to be done; but the duties of executive officer require a "continuous performance." For instance, the First Lieutenant sits down about one o'clock to do something; and just then the Surgeon interrupts him with a lot of papers that concern the "First Luff" very little, but which he must look over carefully, and initial, and send to the Captain. The Paymaster is waiting; and as soon as the Surgeon is gone, he makes a request that the men of the crew be sent down to sign their names, with the officers of their divisions, to witness their signatures. The First

Lieutenant begins to give the officer of the deck certain directions as to how and when to do this, and is half done, when the Chief Engineer comes to report that coal-passer Smith has given out with the heat, and that he needs some one else in his place right away. Then the First Lieutenant examines the "watch, quarter and station bill," to find a suitable man; and the chances are that he gets a man who gives out with the heat on the very first watch. Then the Captain sends out an order that he wants his gig immediately; and then changes his mind and orders a steam launch instead. Then the chief master-at-arms wants to know if he can let the barber shave the prisoners. Then John Jones comes and asks if he cannot go ashore to-day on liberty, instead of to-morrow, because his friend Pat O'Flaherty of the Monterey is going ashore to-day, and they want to see each other. Then Lieutenant Plunkett of the Petrel comes to call, and when he is going, Lieutenant Werlich of the Monterey comes to call. Just then, the orderly reports that the Captain is coming along side. The First Lieutenant says a few choice words, and buttons his collar to his undershirt, puts on his blouse and cap and hurries out on the quarterdeck, and runs against the orderly, who is coming to say that the Captain is only passing the ship in his gig. Then two parties of men ask permission to visit the Monterey and Monadnock respectively. Then

the officer of the deck comes and reports that a signal is hoisted that he never saw before, and asks what he is to do about it. At that instant, the Captain comes on board suddenly, and the First Lieutenant rushes out on deck to receive him with his collar buttoned on one side only. The Captain tells the First Lieutenant to have the gun taken out of the steam launch at once. When this is half done, the First Lieutenant receives an order that the Captain wishes to have the gun left in, because an emergency signal is reported from another ship, but made in such an unintelligible way, that he wishes him to have a signal sent back at once, asking what it means. Then the Yeoman brings up a lot of papers to sign; and when the First Lieutenant has just started in, the Captain sends for him to find out if a certain gunboat is at her station near the ship. Two minutes afterwards, he sends for him to ask him a question; and five minutes later sends out a letter, and says not to forget to send it to the flagship to-morrow at ten o'clock in the morning. And so on, and so on all that day; also the next day, and the day after that, including Sunday.

A week after I joined the Yorktown, the steamer Rosario came in from Manila. She had been expected for several days with mail for us from the outside world. We sent the mail orderly for the mail; he went and came back presently, and said there was

no mail. For some reason, I was more disappointed than usual this time; but I said to myself confidentially, after reflection, that this was about the five hundredth time during the cruise that I had been disappointed in getting mail, and that perhaps the mail would come some other time, and that I should enjoy it all the more then, because mail improves with age.

About this time, I got a cablegram from Washington saying "No." I knew it was from Professor Alger, and that it meant I should not be retired. While I was in the Monadnock, I had applied for "voluntary retirement," for the reason that I thought I should then have an opportunity to work at my inventions. My experience had usually been that, just as I got an invention almost perfected, and had spent a deal of time and money on it, I would be ordered to some distant place, and the invention would die in infancy.

The Yorktown went to Manila in the latter part of June, and from there went to Hong Kong, to go into dry dock. I had made many trips to Hong Kong, and had lived there quite a little, so that Hong Kong had come to be the place that my memory held the most vividly. Even New York was not so clear to me as Hong Kong; and as the end of my cruise drew near, I was surprised at the sentiment I had for it. And when we steamed through the grand gate-

way to that city, and anchored in the bay, I said to myself, as I had often said before, that Hong Kong was the most beautiful place in all the world.

But we were soon on our way back to Manila, steaming over a quiet sea; and it was delightful to us on deck. But it was rather warm even on deck, and there was not much breeze; so that the men in the fire-rooms and engine-rooms did not get much air. They worked for four hours in every twelve, in a temperature of 120 degrees, where the air was very confined, and full of fine particles of coaldust. No wonder the coal passers were constantly trying to get on the sick list. But some one had to do the work, or the ship would have stopped, and stayed forever on the ocean.

While in Hong Kong, I took dinner one evening with Hobson at the Peak Hotel, and after dinner he took me to the Peak Club. The air was delightfully cool, in fact almost cold, to tropical me, and I was interested to see how the English ladies walked about in low-neck dresses. Later, a party of us went to the German Consul's, perhaps twenty men and six ladies, and had a delightful supper. After supper several speeches were made. Hobson made the best speech, responding to the toast of "the ladies;" and in the course of it, he stated that he was prepared to maintain the assertion that they were all angels, and some of them arch-angels. The

ladies liked the speech, and one of the men looked very angry.

The next morning, going down in the train, something broke, and the train stopped exactly half-way between the Peak and the city. There were twelve Englishwomen on board, going down to church, for it was Sunday; and they simply walked up the hill again on the sleepers. I walked up, too; but I am sorry to say the Englishwomen reached the top before I did; and they seemed to be perfectly fresh, not in the least tired, when they got there.

This time, I was very glad to get away from Hong Kong. In the first place, my regular duties kept me on the move as much as I liked in that climate; and then I knew so many people in Hong Kong, and these people had such excellent stomachs, and could drink so much whiskey, that I had a hard time. People were continually coming on board that I knew; and the fashion in Hong Kong is to ask each one to have a drink. When I went ashore, the conditions were the same, except that I was guest, instead of host. The consequence was that the task of doing my official duties and keeping absolutely sober, combined with doing my social duties and drinking with everybody, was extremely trying, and not a little dangerous.

A few days after getting back to Manila, we got emergency orders to go to the Gulf of Lingayen, on

a punitive expedition against San Fernando. We met the Concord there, and two gunboats whose names I do not remember. Our orders were to drive the insurgents out of San Fernando, where they had intrenched themselves. I believe this was done at the request of the Army. So our little fleet, composed of the Yorktown, Concord and the two little gunboats, took up a position in front of the town. We saw the straw hats of several hundred insurgents behind the intrenchments. We had already cleared for action, and so we started to bombard at once. We got back a fine reply from muskets and field pieces; and for a while, we heard the patter and the whirring of their projectiles; but no shot hit our ships, and the Filipino firing ceased in a few minutes. We banged away for a while, and did a lot of damage of one kind or another, and then went back to Manila.

This little engagement emphasized to me the small damage done by ship-fire to towns. Undoubtedly, we silenced the fire of the insurgents, but I have no reason to think that we did very much military harm. All the insurgents had to do was to lie down on their stomachs behind their simple intrenchments, and let us shoot away our ammunition, and set fire to a few houses. It would have been foolish for us to try to land, and so we steamed away.

CHAPTER XVIII

Among the Moros

AFTER this, we swung around our anchor in Manila Bay for about ten days; and then, to our delight, got orders to go to the Sulu Islands, the southern islands of the Philippines. This was a change indeed. We left Manila on the 17th of August and headed for Fort Zamboanga, or rather Caldera Bay, expecting pleasure. But a more dejected picture than Caldera Bay presented the morning we got there I do not remember. A slow rain was coming down, and a thick fog made everything gloomy. We found the Castine there. She had been a month or more in this God-forsaken place. We remained with her only one day; and then started away early the next morning, and soon lost sight of the ugly mountains, and the low lying clouds, and the dank vegetation, and the miserable little Castine lying at anchor, with her dripping, drooping awnings, the picture of discouragement.

Late that afternoon, we arrived at Sulu, which the Spaniards called Jolo. The scene here was as bright and cheerful, as the scene in Caldera Bay had been depressing. Trim white houses lay at the

foot of the bay, and a substantial pier, supporting a substantial light-house, ran out from the town into the bay. A large village was to the left of the town, as we looked at it; and this village was built on piles, so that the houses of the village were about six feet above the water. We knew that this must be a Moro village.

The Moros are the inhabitants of the Sulu islands, and are quite different from the Tagals of the Philippines, though both are in part Malay; and although the Sulu Islands are included among the Philippine Islands, they are really quite distinct. The Moros never yielded entirely to the Spaniards, and always gave them trouble. They were governed directly by the Sultan, who lived in his capital not far from Jolo, and was always recognized by Spain as Sultan, though he paid tribute unto Spain. In the early days, these Moros, like the Moors of Morocco, were pirates; and it took the united action of the Powers to stop their piracy.

In Jolo Bay, were many boats with large sails; and these sails, instead of being of one color, as sails in most other places are, were of many colors; and the whole produced a very attractive and gay effect. The bay, and town, and mountains, were beautiful; and the temperature was delightful. The Sulu Islands and all the islands in their vicinity are much cooler than the islands farther north, for some rea-

THE SULTAN OF JOLÓ
SULU ISLAND
Drawn by Horace M. Reeve

son that I do not know; and a breeze most always blows among them.

The Charleston was anchored in the bay when we got there, and we soon saw that a kind of ceremony was going on. On the beach some hundred horsemen were galloping along, and we could see bright colors among them. We learned afterwards that the Sultan with a large retinue had come into Jolo, to confer with the American authorities.

Some of us went ashore in the evening, and strolled through the town, and we were amazed when, after a very short walk, we came to a full stop, against a stone-wall at the other end of the town. The town had the well-built houses, and the carefully paved streets, and the fountains, and the shops, of a big city; but it was the tiniest town I ever saw. It was as if some one had taken a section out of a handsome Spanish city, and put a wall around it.

Our stay at Sulu (Jolo) was very short, and we got underway at early daylight on Tuesday morning, and steamed to the west, towards the town of Balabac on the Island of Balabac, three hundred and fifty miles away. Our trip was delightful; steaming swiftly over the most beautiful sea in the world, a summer sea, the Sulu Sea, where there is always a breeze, but never a gale.

The next afternoon, about one o'clock, we sighted land marks that indicated the entrance to Balabac;

and soon we saw the light-house. Sometime later, we could see the town; its white houses and red roofs backed by the usual luxuriant green vegetation and high hills. When about a half hour's distance from the town, we went to general quarters, and got the guns and ammunition ready; for we did not know what we should find. We knew that there had been a large Spanish garrison there and a fort; and also that Balabac had been a naval rendezvous, and that many vessels used to anchor in its bay.

We steamed into the harbor, and got pretty close to the town and forts. But we did not anchor, for things looked strange. We were accustomed to have boats come out and meet us; but no boats came. We were accustomed to see people on the beach looking at us; but we saw none. If the Spaniards, or the Filipino insurgents, or whoever might be there, intended either to resist or to welcome us, they were making no apparent sign. The situation was astonishing, and it was very perplexing. The only thing that seemed clear was, that whoever was ashore did not care to see us very much. But what were we to do? Several suggestions were made and rejected. Some one proposed that we fire a shot at the fort to draw its fire; but Captain Sperry would not do this, because its flag was not displayed.

Recognizing my opportunity, I asked the Captain to let me get a company of volunteers, and land, and

make a reconnoissance. He gavé permission, and called for volunteers. Of course there was no trouble in getting them. In fact, I had already picked fifty good men; for before getting near Balabac I had agreed with myself that, if anything unusual turned up, I would try to get permission to take an armed landing party ashore, and also that I would invite Ensign Standley and fifty men to go with me. Standley had distinguished himself at Baler, in Luzon, by going ashore at night with Gilmore, and climbing a high tree close to a Filipino insurgent camp, and making a sketch of the country, at early daylight:—one of the most brave and officer-like things I had ever heard of.

Standley was delighted, of course, at the idea of going; and so about fifteen minutes after entering the harbor, we started ashore with two cutters full of men, well armed. I directed the cutters toward a point on the beach that was clear, and was not on a line with the fort, so that I should be able to land; and, if the fort opened fire on us, the Yorktown could fire at it, without hitting us. In the bow of each boat, was a squad of eight men; and when the boats grated on the sand of the beach, these two squads, with Standley in charge of one squad, and me in charge of the other squad, jumped overboard, and ran forward, in directions previously decided on, as squads of skirmishers. The rest of the little force jumped

overboard after us, and formed in line on the beach, in charge of a petty officer, whom I told to go to the assistance of either squad, if he heard a shot.

I found nothing important in my direction, and I soon returned to the main body, just about the time that Standley did. He also had found nothing, except the main road of the town, which was not very far away. Detaching a few men as scouts, I advanced to the main road, and then marched down it toward the town and the fort, my men formed in column of sections. The road was good, and soon led us into a town of some size in which were houses of a very good sort. Many of them were large and built with an eye to pleasing effect.

But we saw no living thing. We marched through the town with bayonets fixed, and then up to the fort. We found the fort absolutely deserted. Feeling sure now that the town must be deserted also, I divided my company into small squads, and we examined every place. I never saw drearier sights. I went myself through many of the houses, and there saw evidences of pleasant homes, of children and domestic life. There were gardens about some of the houses, but they now were overgrown with weeds; and coarse grass was growing in the streets. We could not find a single living creature; no man, woman or child; no dog, cat, bird or chicken; but at last I saw a toad, hopping in the grass. Not long

after, on going through the weed-grown cemetery, I saw a green lizard crawling on a tombstone. The toad and the lizard were the only living things there were in all this village, that so recently had been a little world, as every village is. And the silence of the place, and the forsakenness of it, and the slimy, thin deposit on the stones, and the oozy, wet deadness of everything, made a mental impression that none of us will ever forget.

I remember, too, we saw, and smelt, a well. Sometime after, we found that, when the war broke out with the United States, the Spaniards withdrew most of the garrison; and that, after that, the natives of the region attacked the remainder, when they were at church, and killed them, and threw some of the bodies down this well. After that, every Filipino that lived in the town, abandoned it.

I went back to the Yorktown with a feeling different from any feeling I had ever had before.

Then the Yorktown turned her nose happily to sea, and we went out about sunset; and soon we could only dimly see the fort and the light-house, and the red roofs of the dwellings of the deserted village.

The Yorktown headed for Cape Melville, at the extreme southern end of the Island of Balabac. We went there, to investigate the condition of affairs at the light-house at Cape Melville. Cape Melville is at the northern side of the passage between the isl-

ands of Balabac and Borneo, the highway between the China and the Sulu Seas; and it was important that its lighthouse should be kept a going, because the United States wished to do all things to encourage trade. We knew that the light-house had been taken in charge by Americans, and that there had been a serious fight there between an American force of men-of-warsmen and the Moros of the island; but we did not know how the fight had resulted. We had food, ammunition and money for the Americans, in case they were still there. We anchored near the cape about eleven o'clock the following morning, just off the entrance to a little bay, through which one had to go, in order to reach the landing place, whence a path led through a forest to the lighthouse. We did not see the sign of any living thing, except a score or so of monkeys of tremendous size, playing on the beach not far away.

I asked the captain to let me take an armed force, and land, and march up to the lighthouse, and he consented. Just then, the quartermaster reported a canoe coming along the little bay, apparently headed towards the ship. The canoe approached closer, then came through the line of breakers across the bay, and then began to toss violently in the heavier sea. Finally, it came alongside of the Yorktown; and we were astonished to see that one of its occupants was Bisset, a Lieutenant in the Navy.

Bisset came on board, and said that he had taken charge of the lighthouse and that he had a number of men with him from the Manila, and that he was very glad indeed to see us, because his men were getting short of food. He said that the natives appeared to be cowed, since their fight at the lighthouse about a month before, when the Americans had killed some of their friends.

About half-past one, I started off with three boatloads of men and provisions, and, guided by Lieut. Bisset, pulled through the gap in the breakers, and in half an hour got the boats alongside of a rough sort of pier, built out from the beach. We had divided our luggage into as small boxes as possible, and these we carried on capstan bars, each capstan bar resting on the shoulders of two men. It was not easy to get all the provisions ashore without wetting them; but we finally succeeded, and then began our curious march.

I had thirty armed men, and thirty unarmed men who carried the luggage. Bisset had said that the Moros were not hostile now; but Captain Sperry thought it well to be prepared for trouble, because the temptation to get possession of our provisions and ammunition by the simple process of killing the men carrying them through the long, winding path in the jungle, might be too strong for some enterprising Moro warriors to resist. I put one-third of

the armed force ahead, and one-third in the middle, and one-third behind. It was impossible to put any on the flanks, because the path was too narrow, and the vegetation on each side too dense.

The distance in a straight line from the landing to the lighthouse was only about a mile; but it was a gradual ascent, and the path was winding, and some of the burdens heavy; so that it was an hour before we reached the rocky plateau on which the lighthouse stands. The path lay through a virgin forest more dense, and rich, and beautiful than any I had ever seen or dreamed about, and filled with lofty trees; and through the openings among the trees, we saw small spaces of blue sky, and an occasional bird of plumage we did not know, but beautiful and bright; and sometimes we heard the sound of them singing in the branches. Sometimes a quick sound to the right, or the left, brought our attention to the alert; but in the dense undergrowth we saw nothing. Sometimes we thought we heard a rattlesnake, and probably we did; but we saw none.

Suddenly, we emerged from the forest; and then we found ourselves on a bare and rocky plateau. There, sharply outlined against the sky, towered the lighthouse of Cape Melville.

We found the lighthouse was surrounded by a high wall, made of iron in some parts and of stone in others, which enclosed an area of possibly an

acre. There were several houses in the enclosure, some of which were occupied at present by our men from the Manila, and some by the lighthouse keeper,—a half Moro,—and his family.

I ascended the winding iron staircase inside the lighthouse, (which was a lighthouse of the first order), and then went out on the platform at the top, that encircled the enormous lantern. My admiration was aroused by the beauty of the lantern, and the perfection of its scientific design and mechanical detail; but as soon as I turned my back to it, and looked outside, I forgot such trivial things; for I was almost appalled by the grandeur of the view. Far to the north, ran the magnificent slopes of Balabac, covered with countless trees; while to the west, and the south, and the east, there was nothing but the blue ocean, that looked as smooth as the sky above. The sky and the ocean merged into each other so perfectly, that I could hardly discern the horizon line. Up in that lighthouse, on that high plateau, almost in the sky, I felt very much alone; with nothing but the sky, and the clouds, and the sea, for my companions.

We found all the men from the Manila in good health, and in about one hour, we began to retrace our steps. On re-entering the forest, we looked back, and there saw the magnificent lighthouse, guarding the passage between the China and the

Sulu Seas.

Our walk back was in a lighter mood than our walk to the lighthouse, and we soon took our boats, and went back to the Yorktown.

From Cape Melville, we went back to Zamboango, and thence to Sulu. We started from Sulu on the morning of September 9th, and convoyed the Buchuan to Siassi. Siassi had had a Spanish fort, and now the American Army was about to establish an American fort, or post, there. The Buchuan landed her troops; and perhaps an hour later, we saw the American flag rise quickly to the top of the flagstaff. The Yorktown fired twenty-one guns in salute, and then steamed back to Sulu.

Two days after this, we convoyed the Buchuan to Bongao, another Spanish station in which the American Army was to place a force, like that at Siassi. Bongao was on an island of the Tawi Tawi group. Siassi had looked desolate enough, but Bongao was much worse. Some of us went ashore there, and found about as close to nothing as one can ever find on dry ground. Some American troops were to be put there, under command of Captain Dupray of the Army. Now Captain Dupray was a man of more than ordinary refinement and social talent, who had been greatly appreciated in the social circles of Washington and New York; and here this natural social leader was to spend his time, on this swampy,

lonely point of land, where vessels rarely go, where the climate is always hot, where the sun rises and sets between ten minutes before six and ten minutes after six all the year around, where there is nothing to do, see or hear at any time, and where the hundred soldiers and four officers were to be his sole companions. But soon the American flag went up, and the Yorktown fired her twenty-one gun salute, and steamed away.

Colonel Goodale was the Army officer in command of the Sulu Islands, and he and Captain Sperry agreed that it would be a good plan, though rather a dangerous one, to make a visit to the Sultan and his mother, the Sultana. The Sultan and the Sultana had their palaces near Maiambun. Maiambun is directly south of Jolo, and perhaps not more than twelve miles distant across country; but by sea it is about fifty miles, because one has to go around the west end of the island. The Spaniards had always had a large force of soldiers inside of Jolo, and they had never dared to go outside beyond a very short distance, for the Moros are a very savage race when aroused to anger, and their hatred of Christians is very deep. So, when we heard that unarmed officers were going right into the town of Maiambun, we thought it would be very interesting to see what happened to us.

At early daylight in the morning of September the 21st, the Yorktown got under way with four Army

officers on board, rounded the western side of Sulu Island, steamed then to the eastward, and about ten o'clock anchored off the town of Maiambun. The Yorktown could not get closer to the shore than about a mile; so the Army and Navy officers went ashore in boats.

We found that we could not get the boats very near the beach, so some of us were carried ashore by sailors, some were carried by Moros, and some went in canoes. Some of the Army officers took off their shoes and socks, rolled up their trousers, and waded ashore; and I remember remarking to the captain what beautiful legs Colonel Goodale had.

The town of Maiambun, like most of the Moro towns, is built on stilts; so that the first floors are about six feet above the ground. The houses were gaily decked with brilliant flags and banners, and the men and women were dressed in bright attire. There were several thousand people in sight, the men all armed with barongs and krises, which are weapons about halfway between a meat ax and a sword. We were ceremoniously received, and quickly surrounded by a body of horsemen; and I must admit that this gave me a little alarm. Here we were, ten unarmed men, on shore in a Moro village, and the Yorktown a mile at sea! Most of the horsemen were armed with rifles, but some had spears. The procession soon started, and we walked in column about a mile with

our escorts, and finally reached the vicinity of the royal palaces.

We were first taken to the temporary palace of the Sultana. We found it a large wooden building, the first floor raised about ten feet above the ground. We walked up a wooden stairway, and found ourselves in a very large room filled with armed soldiers and with women. I did not like the look of things at all. I was not afraid that the Sultana intended us any harm, but I knew that the Moros are in part of Malay blood, and that they believe that if one of them should kill a Christian, he would be sent at once to Paradise.

We were ushered into the presence of the Sultana, and we saw her, clad in green, coiled like a snake on a table; and, through the interpreter, she bade us welcome, and said she loved the Americans, and that she knew the Americans loved her, and she knew it because they came so far to see her. She said that she loved the Americans as much as they loved her, and that she was just about to go to see them, when she heard they were coming to see her. Colonel Goodale replied that the American people had heard of her wisdom and goodness, and had sent us to pay her a visit of friendship, and to make her a little present which he hoped she would accept. And the Sultana, coiled on her table, kept her clear, alert eyes fixed upon him. Then she replied that the American

people were very noble, and that she was sorry that she had so poor a home to receive them in, but she hoped that they would not judge her great love by the smallness of her house. Then Colonel Goodale handed her a bag of five hundred dollars, and she smiled and chewed her beetle nut, and let the red juice trickle down, and one of her servants held the beautiful coral bowl into which the Sultana spat. And the musicians struck the tomtoms and beat the bells. Then the colonel and some of the rest of us said flattering things, and she replied glibly to all. Then we went out at last into the sunshine, safe thus far.

The Sultana was not, perhaps, so commonplace a woman as some others. We were told that she had become the wife of the previous Sultan, after having killed two husbands; that she was not his first wife, but that the present Sultan was her son; that she had put him in succession to the throne by the simple process of poisoning his elder brother and sister, who were not her children, and their mother; and that she had then poisoned her husband, which made her son the Sultan.

We were now escorted to the palace of the Sultan. We first came to a high stone wall, in which was a large iron gate with two cannon on each side; and as we passed through, we were saluted by a company of soldiers, well uniformed and armed. The way to the Sultan's presence was lined with pages, all in

European dress. We found the Sultan in a large, square, plain room; and, after being presented, we went to an adjoining room, where there was a long table covered with a sort of curious looking lunch. There were just enough chairs for us ten officers, the Sultan, the interpreter, and two other Moros of high rank. At the Sultan's right was a page, on his knees, holding a bowl, into which the Sultan spat the juice of the beetle nut. The conversation between the American officers and the Sultan was stormy; there was a difference of opinion as to how much revenue the Sultan should get from Siassi. The Sultan was just as brutal and coarse in his manner and talk, as his mother was soft and wheedling. We soon noticed that there was a Moro stationed exactly behind the chair of each American officer. I do not know, of my own sight, whether there was one behind mine, because I did not like to look; but I saw there was one behind every other officer. Each Moro had a barong in his belt; and we knew that the practice of a lifetime makes the Moros very quick with the barong; so much so, that no Moro ever dares to put a hand on his barong, unless he intends to use it. In the same way, it is said, in some parts of the west in our own country, no man ever dares to put his hand near his right hip pocket, where his revolver is supposed to be, unless he intends to use it.

Our interview lasted two hours; but at last we all

got away, and back to the Yorktown, and I knew one who felt very much better when he got away. And I know one who will always carry in his mind a vivid memory of gaudy, mounted soldiers with spears, and unmounted soldiers with barongs, and a dense vegetation, and a she-devil of a Sultana, in green, coiled on a table, spitting the red juice of the beetle nut.

The Yorktown went back to Jolo, and we found that during our absence an incident had occurred that shows how a Malay, when once his anger is aroused, loses all self-control, and becomes a maniac. A party of about a dozen Moros of another tribe came to Jolo, and did some fishing in the bay. The Jolo tribe protested, and the visiting tribe stopped fishing at once, and went ashore. Up to this time, and for some hours after, all their intercourse was friendly; but later in the day, something occurred that aroused anger. Then the Jolo tribe fell upon the others and killed them, and literally chopped every body to pieces; they chopped each body into small bits.

CHAPTER XIX

Borneo, Palawan and Mindanao

THE Yorktown then started to Sandakan, a town on the northeast coast of Borneo. Sandakan looked very attractive as we steamed past the high bluffs into Sandakan Bay; and we soon anchored in front of it, and found ourselves in a beautiful harbor surrounded by high green hills. The houses were white, with red roofs, and an English church showed its spire and cross above the trees. We fired a salute of twenty-one guns to the port, and the port replied; but the British Jack was hoisted at the top of the flagstaff, with the American flag on a yard beneath it. This, of course, would have been a gross insult, if intentional; but Captain Sperry felt quite sure that it had been done by some ignorant subordinate, and so took no notice of it until some time later, when he seized the occasion to do so in conversation with the Governor. The Governor was astonished and mortified, and when the Yorktown left two days later he had another salute fired with the American flag at the top of the staff.

We found Sandakan a very interesting place. There was a fine museum, with many splendid speci-

mens of rare animals and birds. There was also an excellent club, where the officers could go and play billiards. The sailors could go ashore, and walk about the magnificent hills, and become acquainted with the people; and those who wished to get drunk and fight could do so.

The next evening (Sunday) the Governor gave us a dinner party at the Government house. I think five of us went. The Government house was reached by a walk of perhaps five minutes from the landing, and the latter part of the walk was along a winding road of gradual ascent, among fine trees. We soon found ourselves in front of a large white mansion; and when we neared it, we heard four sonorous notes of singular power and sweetness. Getting nearer, we saw there was a magnificent Japanese bell at the foot of the stairway leading to the entrance, and a sentry standing by it. We afterwards learned that it was part of his duty to note the number of guests arriving, and strike that number on the bell.

We went up the stairway, and soon found ourselves in a very large room, open on nearly every side, where quite a company was gathered. Most of the men were in civilian evening dress, but some were in a simple uniform. The ladies were dressed in white, with low neck and short sleeves; and their graceful draperies were in delightful harmony with the soft light, and the pleasant calmness of the night.

A large company sat down at dinner. The dishes were delicious, each wine was at the correct temperature, and the servants were such as only people who have lived in Asia know anything about. After dinner, we had music and pleasant talk. It was delightful to be in civilization once again, and it came with no little surprise to us to find in Borneo as interesting and cultured people as we had ever met. We had always associated Borneo in our minds with "the wild man of Borneo."

We went from Sandakan back to the lighthouse at Cape Melville, and went from there to Labuan, because Captain Sperry wished to telegraph to the Admiral at Manila for instructions. Labuan looked about as dismal and flat, when we first saw it, as anything one can think of anywhere. We got there about three o'clock. It was a rainy, miserable day, very hot and windless. The Yorktown fired a national salute of twenty-one guns to the British flag; and when the shore battery answered it, we saw that something unusual had occurred. We found out later that a Sikh gunner had had his arm blown off at the shoulder, and that he died that evening. His body was put on a funeral pyre, logs were piled around it, it was burned with Pagan rites, and a subscription for his widow was raised on board the Yorktown.

The next evening, the Governor gave a dinner party at the "Residency." We found him a very inter-

esting man. He had some large scars on his face, and we were told that a few years before, while at the racetrack at Singapore, he heard the cry, "Amok! Amok!" Instead of thinking of himself, as most other people did, he tried to save some women and children; and he had just succeeded, when the Malay, running amuck, rushed at him, and cut both sides of his face open.

One of the first things that startled us when the rain cleared away, was the sight of fashionable traps, with pretty harnesses and white ponies, driving along the white road on the beach. Such a thing we had not seen since leaving Shanghai, and the sight of it came like a breath of air from the outside world. We could see that there were ladies in the traps, and we soon found that there were about five ladies and about fourteen European men in Labuan. They did not live inside the town, but, like good English people, in pretty places near at hand; and they began immediately to entertain us.

On Saturday evening, as I have said, the Governor gave us a dinner party. On Sunday, the ladies of the place came on board and took tea with us in the afternoon. In the evening, the Captain of the Yorktown gave a dinner party to the Governor's wife, to which I had the good fortune to be invited. On Monday Mrs. Buckland gave a lawn party at the golf links, and I had the good luck to be asked by Mr. and

Mrs. Hardie to go home and take dinner with them afterwards. Mr. Hardie was a Scotchman, and his wife a beautiful Australian. We had a most pleasant dinner.

A venerable gentleman with a long white beard, a Scotchman and intimate friend of Mr. Hardie's, was of the party. While we were waiting for dinner, he said:

"Lieutenant, won't you have a peek?"

"Thank you very much," I said, not knowing what a peek was.

He mixed a drink that proved to be much like gin and bitters, with other things in it, and we drank it, and I liked it very much. After a short talk he said:

"Lieutenant, won't you have a peek?"

"Thank you very much," I said.

The old gentleman drank his second peek with evident relish, but I was afraid to do more than taste mine. Soon he said again:

"Lieutenant, won't you have a peek?"

I answered hesitatingly that I had had two peeks already.

"That's so," he replied, "We'd better have brandy and soda."

Before I could decline, he called a servant and ordered two brandy and sodas. The servant was well trained, and in a very few minutes, he brought in two big tumblers, filled with a cold, bubbling liquid that

was delicious, though a little strong.

The white bearded patriarch drank his pint in the way in which other people drink soda water. I was afraid to drink mine; but I was also afraid to violate the sacred laws of hospitality, and so I compromised with the devil, and drank a little. At dinner, the old gentleman drank two tumblers of Scotch and soda, besides white wine, and red wine, and plenty of port. When the rest of us took black coffee, he took a large cup of tea, into which the hostess poured Scotch whiskey, instead of hot water; and when we had cigars and liqueurs, he showed a liking for all, but a partiality to cognac. I looked forward with extreme anxiety to the time when he would have to rise from the table, and walk into the drawing room. But he got up when the rest of us did, and walked with absolute steadiness; and his speech, and gait, and gestures were precisely as they were before he took his first peek.

The Labuan idea about the amount of whiskey, gin, bitters, port wine and liqueurs that I could drink was so far distant from the truth, and yet so firmly fixed in my good hosts' minds, that I had to carry on friendly defensive warfare. I was able, however, at half past nine, to leave the house in pretty good condition, and walk down to a boat, escorted by their Malay water-carrier. The boat was a canoe, and I held on very tightly, and balanced myself very care-

fully, as I was paddled to the Yorktown in the darkness.

The next day Mr. Hughes was "at home," and we Americans played croquet, with English mallets, very badly. Then the English consul, Mr. Keyser, took us up to his enormous house, and we stayed until dinner at eight o'clock. I took in to dinner a young married woman, a bride fresh from school in England. After dinner, at half-past ten, we were taken to the Governor's, and there we had a hop which lasted until half-past two. It was very warm, but we danced nevertheless. I danced every dance, and ladies being somewhat scarce, I danced a waltz and two-step with the bridegroom, Mr. Llewyllyn, a handsome young Welshman. The next day was comparatively quiet, but the day after a large dinner party was given by the Hardies, which was very fine. There were fifteen at table, and ten servants, all of them Malays or Chinese, who were directed by a "number one boy," who did not wait on the people himself, but directed the others. And when I thought of the frail wooden house, resting on stilts above the ground, as all the houses in that country do, and then of the elaborate dinner, I said to myself that the dinner must have cost more than the house did.

Next day, Mrs. West gave a tea party at the golf links; and that night Mr. Keyser, the English consul, gave a lawn party to our sailors, where they

played billiards and croquet, and drank beer, and sang songs, and gave cheers till they were hoarse. Friday, the Yorktown gave a hop and reception; and fair women and brave men came on board, and drank our punch, and danced. The native Labuan band was on board; and about eight o'clock, they played the "Star Spangled Banner," "God Save the Queen," "John Brown's Body," etc., ending with the inevitable "He's a Jolly Good Fellow!"

We found Mr. Keyser a most interesting man. He was a bachelor, and lived in a fine house, full of books and servants. All his servants were Malays, and included several families whom he had brought with him from his previous station. Mr. Keyser had a great affection for the Malays, and said he always wished to live among them, because they are more kind and faithful than any other people. He said, however, that it is necessary to understand the Malay, because if a Malay's anger is once roused by a sense of injustice or by jealousy, the ordinarily indolent, impassive man becomes a maniac, and runs amok, and kills everyone he can, friend, mother and foe, with a fury that knows no limit and no discrimination. I could not help thinking how closely this bore on the whole Philippine question;—for the Filipino is in part, Malay.

Saturday, the Allards gave a dinner party; and on Sunday preparations were made to receive his royal

highness, the Rajah of Saráwak, sometimes called the "Rajah of Borneo." We were curious to see him, because he occupied a most extraordinary position. Years ago, he was a lieutenant in the Royal Navy, when his uncle, the great Rajah, died, and left him this kingdom by the sea. We salute the Rajah with the royal salute of twenty-one guns, but the English salute him with only seventeen guns, because, in some way, his domains are under the protection of the British government. His Highness did not appear, however, until the next day, and I lost my chance of meeting him; for, though Consul Keyser gave him a dinner, I was on duty. Some others met him on shore at the dinner, and they said he looked a little like Admiral Dewey, and was a very alert and charming man, over seventy years of age.

We stayed ten days at Labuan, and I think they were ten of the most delightful days that any of us ever spent anywhere. They were ten days of hospitality and good cheer, without any drawback of any kind. We liked the English ladies extremely. There being only five of them among so many men, they received a great deal of attention; but they did not seem in the least spoiled, and I noticed one peculiarity that I had noticed before in English ladies—I mean that a lady would receive a courtesy from a gentleman as a courtesy, and not as a duty that the laws of society compelled him to perform. If a man handed a

lady a chair, she would look him in the face and thank him so kindly, that the man—at least if he were an American—wanted to do it again.

We went back to Sandakan, stopping again at the lighthouse, and took on board the former Spanish Governor of Kagayan Sulu, a little island not far away. This island had, by some oversight, intentional or otherwise, been omitted from the list of the Philippine Islands ceded to the United States; and our going to Labooan had been principally because the captain wished to cable to the admiral for permission to seize the island.

At seven o'clock in the morning, the Governor and his family came on board, and in a few hours we came in sight of Kagayan Sulu. That afternoon, a party went ashore and erected a flagstaff. The next forenoon, I took ashore a section of men, and we formed about the flagstaff. Soon all was made ready by signal between the Yorktown and the shore. Then a large American flag was hoisted to the mast, my little party presented arms, the Yorktown fired a salute of twenty-one guns, and Kagayan Sulu belonged to the United States.

The Yorktown went to Jolo for a couple of days, then to Zamboango, and then to Port Mazinluk, a miserable place about twenty miles from Zamboango, where there was nothing to see but flat water, and land, and some villages far away. Datto Mandy, the

chief of the principal tribe in the vicinity, was friendly to the United States, but there was a large force of Moros opposed to him, and we went there to give him support. We stayed at this wretched place for two weeks with nothing to do, or think. Our principal interest was in watching the growth and unfolding of Thomas Allen. "Tommy" was the son of an Englishman and a Moro woman of Borneo. He was twelve years old, and he had been taken by Captain Sperry on board as interpreter, because he could speak Moro, Spanish and English. He was as bright as a wedding, ring, and had been assistant organist in the little Episcopal church; and his kinds of tricks were not the kind that men-of-war's-men are accustomed to. Then he had an interesting appetite. He had a little table by himself in the wardroom, where he ate his regular meals, three times a day. Then we could see him sitting with the Chinamen, and eating their rice and chicken; and besides that, he made friends with a lot of men in the ship, and would go to their tables and eat with them.

We went from Port Mazinluk back to Jolo, and took on board General Bates and his staff, and then went to Siassi and Bongoa, where posts had been established, with the assistance of the Yorktown, about a month before. Most of us went ashore in boats, and witnessed the change that one month of American life had wrought. At Bongao, a solitary

company of American soldiers had cleaned, and made almost attractive, the horrible looking camp that the Spaniards had left; and it was wonderful to see what interest Captain Dupray, the great cotillion leader of former times, had taken in his duty. He had evidently buckled down to his work, and taken his medicine like a man. We brought back to dinner on board the surgeon of the company. He was not a regular Army officer, but a volunteer, who was serving through the war. We are apt to feel that people in great towns are more highly developed than people in small towns; but here was this doctor of a little body, or company, living in this remote corner of the world, where vessels very seldom go, about forty-two years old, handsome, with an excellent reputation as physician, able to converse in English, French, German and Spanish, and with some knowledge of Malay, a recognized contributor to the Smithsonian in shells and other natural history subjects, a delightful man socially and a modest, yet entertaining, talker! He showed us the pictures of his elegant wife and their handsome little child.

General Bates, with his staff and a party of naval men, went ashore that evening at Bongao and were entertained with a spear dance by the natives. The Moro warriors danced dances that seemed to indicate the rousing of warlike passion, beginning slowly and working up gradually into what seemed a fierce

exaltation; meanwhile, the women beat excitedly on bronze bells of different kinds, and the fire flames lighted up their features.

We then went to Port Royalist on the Island of Palawan. We entered a magnificent bay through a winding channel, and found ourselves near a Spanish town, in which we saw many houses and numbers of people, and heard a band of music playing. But the people did not seem to take the slightest interest in us. They did not send off any boats, and their attitude towards us was too uncertain to make it worth while for us to land.

General Bates wished to communicate with the Sultan of Palawan, and so we went to his capital, Marangas. The whole vicinity was uncharted, and we were quite sure that we should get aground. We finally got aground. Then we sent out the anchor which we always kept over the stern, and backed the engines, and hauled on the wire hawser, until we got off, in about an hour.

The Sultan of Palawan came on board the next afternoon with a large retinue of picturesque warriors, to make his obeisance to the United States. I do not remember much about it, except that he put his hand in General Bates's, and General Bates led him about the ship. General Bates attracted and kept the confidence of everybody by the evident sincerity of his character. Some people could not understand

how a General could be so modest.

The Yorktown went to Zamboango about the 15th of December, and on the 31st, in the evening, the Iris came in. A boat from the Iris came alongside, while I was a sitting on the poop. I saw an officer in white uniform coming over the side, and I recognized him as my classmate Bowyer. He said, "How are you, Jim; I'm your relief."

I went to bed that night about twelve o'clock and I said to myself, "Your cruise is over and your work is done." As I lay in my bunk, I recalled the trip of the little Petrel across the great Pacific; then meeting my wife and little daughter in Yokohama; then the cruise of the Petrel in Korea, and North China, while they went through Korea to Seoul, and through China to Pekin and the Great Wall. Then I recalled the Petrel's visit to Shanghai, Ning Po, Fuchau, Amoy, Swataau and Hong Kong, and the social doings there; then the war preparations in Hong Kong, and the many interesting things that happened in the Spanish and the Filipino wars. As I went off to sleep, I said to myself, "It's all over now, old fellow; your work is done and you're going home." Just then, I heard the orderly say, "Mr. Fiske, the Captain wants to see you." I got up and dressed, and went into the cabin. The Captain said, "I've heard that a steamer is aground in Caldera Bay; please make preparations at once for getting underway and going to her assistance."

CHAPTER XX

Home

I LEFT the Yorktown on the 2nd of January, 1900, with orders to go home by the U. S. Transport Solace. But on getting to Manila, on the 10th, I got permission from Admiral Watson to go home by mail steamer at my own expense.

An extremely disagreeable trip in the Iris got me to Hong Kong, and then I took off my uniform and folded it away and put on civilian dress,—with a sigh, and yet with a heart so light that I never expected it to be so light again.

I left Hong Kong in the Coptic on the 19th, and went to Nagasaki, and thence through the beautiful inland sea to Kobe and Yokohama, revisiting the scenes of many unforgotten experiences and adventures.

My trip across the Pacific, where I had all the pleasures of sea-going, and none of the responsibilities, was pure happiness; and I knew that I was going home to family, and friends, and to the rest that I had earned. I occupied myself principally in talking with the delightful company on board; and I re-

member one evening we had a little dance, when the sea was smooth, and the moon was shining softly.

Two days in San Francisco; then I found myself in real civilization on an east-bound express. Five days afterward, I reached New York, and joined my family, then living at the Plaza. That afternoon, we drove to Columbia University, where Mr. Low was giving a reception in the Low Library, just presented by him to the university. There I met many friends of many years, and they said kind things to me.

And I sat by my wife under that beautiful dome, and watched the fashion, and wealth, and culture of the most delightful city in the world. And I closed my eyes a moment, and saw the dim outline of Corregidor, and the sunrise on Manila Bay, and the smoke of the guns of the Spanish fleet.